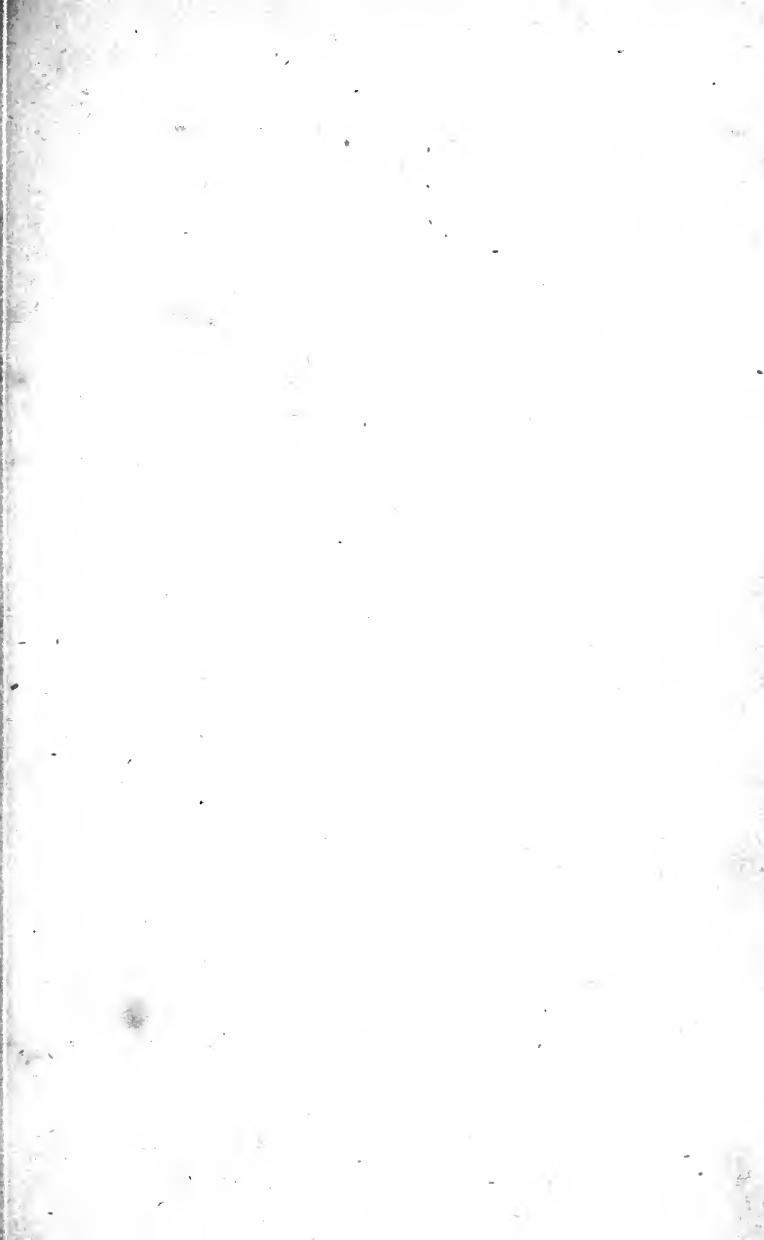


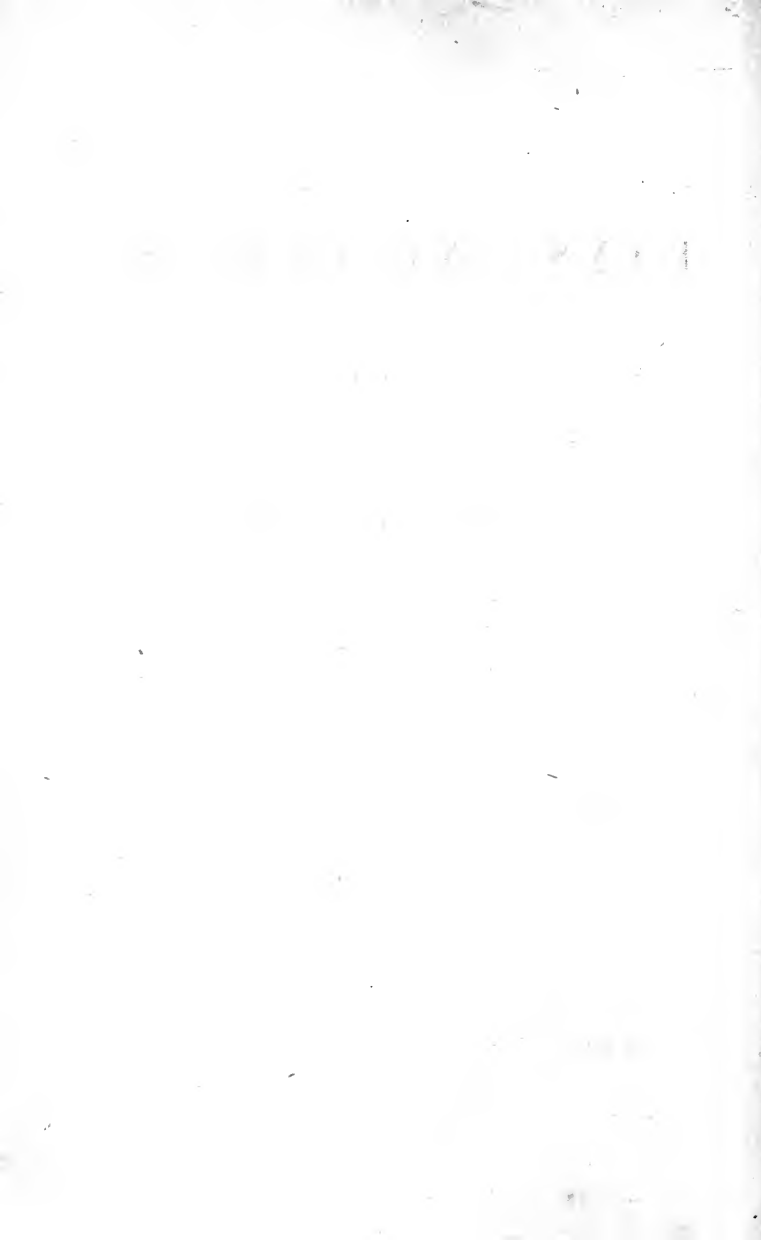


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LAYS AND LYRICS.



LAYS AND LYRICS.

BY

C. RAE BROWN.

'OUR LIFE, EXEMPT FROM PUBLIC HAUNT,
FINDS TONGUES IN TREES, BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS,
SERMONS IN STONES, AND GOOD IN EVERYTHING.'

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & CO.,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLV.

LOAN STACK

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LAYS AND LYRICS.

Poesy.

WHEN but a careless, roving boy,
Reclining by a woodland stream;
Lulled by the murmurs of its flow,
I sank into a sweet day-dream.

Methought I wandered far away,
Beneath a cloudless, sunny sky;
Gathering flowers of sweetest song,
Fair, glorious things, that never die!—

But planted early in that soil
Whence all the pure affections spring,
Entwine their tendrils round the heart,
And there for ever fondly cling!

When I awoke I had no flowers,
And that same stream still sung to me;
Yet all beside me, and around,
Glowed in the light of Poesy!

New life had passed into my soul—
Our earth become a glorious earth—
New thoughts, new joys, obtained control—
It seemed, indeed, a second birth!

And ever since hath Nature been
To me a source of constant joy;
There being nought so poor or mean,
But that it may the soul employ.

For even the smallest grain of sand
Distinguished by the human eye,
May of a mountain have been part,
That crumbled now in dust doth lie.

The mountain, stretching up—away !
Until it seems to cleave the skies,
Suggests no more to us than may
The pebble at its base that lies.

Preserve to me the quiet glen,
The old grey rocks, the old brown stream ;
There, far from human eye, or ken,
To nurse my thoughts—or muse—or dream !

The Caged Lark.

POOR prisoned Lark ! all thy regrets are vain,
Thou may'st not visit the green fields of May ;
Howe'er melodious may be thy strain,
Here thou art doomed in bondage close to stay.

What ! set thee free, to joy with thine own kind—
To revel gladly in the summer air—
To join the throng harmoniously combined
To banish from each listener gloomy care ?

Ah ! it were vain such freedom to bestow !
They'd deem thee tainted by thy sojourn here ;
Would rudely scorn thee—so increase thy woe—
But here, though prisoned, scorn thou need'st not fear.

Dost note my words, and, noting, think them sage,
That now thou pour'st thy full heart out in song?
Art thou content to warble in thy cage—
Means so that note so clear, so rich, so long?

Let it be so! I'll cherish thee, sweet bird!
As fondly as a mother doth her child;
Will, daily, from the verdant, dewy sward,
Cut thee a turf whereon the sun hath smiled—

Will bring thee stores of field-food, fresh and green,
Will tempt thy palate with a wondrous choice,
Will strive to gladden thee from morn till e'en,
And all but satiate thee with little joys.

When comes the sun to smile on youth and age,
Reviving many a sick and drooping heart,
Outside my window, then I'll hang thy cage:
There thou shalt sing till his last smiles depart.

What! louder! still more joyous than before?

Thou *art* content, sweet bird, to stay with me!—

Then, so am I, to tend thee more and more,

And spend my leisure hours with books and thee.

Spring.

How fresh, how gay, how beautiful is Spring!
How pleasant to the eye its budding charms!
How welcome its exhilarating air!
How sweet the joyous carol of its birds!
All Nature lives again to gladden earth,
Breathing to heaven an incense-laden hymn!
Oh, that man's heart, new-birthered, could so rejoice,
And so resuscitated, glad his inner world!
Nor cloud nor cloudlet on thy lovely sky;
As at Creation's dawn the earth appeared,
Thou art all bright and beautiful, sweet Spring!
Thy silvery streamlets, dancing down the hills,
Leap joyously into the glens' dark pools;
And thence emerge in silent, shining streams,
That wend their way to fill pellucid lakes,
Whence flow the rivers on their seaward way.

The young year's Sun is prodigal of light !
Arrayed at early morn in brilliant state,
He travels in sublime magnificence,
And with transcendent glory floods the world !
New life and being calling into play,
The mountain and the valley he makes glad,—
Benignantly revivifying all !
Nought perishes in Nature—all survives—
No atom lost since first the world began ;
Each still existing, changed and recombined.
Season of Hope ! be gracious unto us !
Revive our bodies, and our souls relume ;
And speed the joyous Summer that shall be,—
When Error fails t' enslave God's noblest Work ;
When disenthralled Mind shall rule the Man,
Sunned into new existence by the Truth !
Then, then indeed,—when man himself doth know,—
“The resurrection of sweet things” shall be !

Childhood.

PRETTY little fairy creature !
Guileless glee in every feature :
Free from art's deceits and wiles,
Full of joyous hopes and smiles.

Those sweet eyes, so brightly shining,
Tell thou know'st not of repining ;
They only speak of joy—below
That forehead pure and white as snow.

Thy cheeks must love the fond caresses
Of those playful golden tresses :
Mimic sunbeams kissing roses,
Ere their too brief summer closes !

.

O the happy round of childhood !
Sunny mead and shady wildwood ;
Flowery glens and faëry streams ;
Songs of birds and summer dreams !

Körner's Oak.

YOUNG, and brave, and noble-hearted,
Körner died for Fatherland ;
With life, and love, and fame he parted—
Boldest of the Jäger band.

Who shall tell the deep devotion
That inspired his daring soul ;
Who, the rapturous emotion,
Swaying him with full control !

His pen with laurel wreaths had crowned him,
Now his sword the foe withstood ;
And danger ever foremost found him,
Fighting for his country's good.

Of that career—whose sun in glory
Set so soon, to rise no more,
Save in song and deathless story—
Who shall read and not deplore?

Methinks, as o'er his fate I ponder,
Wrapt in Sorrow's starless gloom,
Some spirit bids my fancy wander
To the youthful hero's tomb:—

Bright groups of seraph-angels hover
O'er the venerable oak,
Beneath whose shade, life's conflict over,
Körner feels no foreign yoke.

Hark! the glorious Pæan sounding—
“FREEDOM IS THY BIRTHRIGHT, MAN!”
The chorus, hark! with joy abounding,
“IF MEN WOULD BE FREE, THEY CAN!”

Methinks I see the poet-soldier
Standing o'er his honoured grave ;
Hear that dear voice, grown sternly bolder :—
See on high his falchion wave—

“Glorious Pæan ! sound thy numbers
In my sleeping country's ears ;
Germany, alas ! still slumbers,
She no song of Freedom hears :—

“How I mourn her worse than slavery !
Kings and priests do lord it still !
But, tyrants, know, she'll prove her bravery
When awakes UNITED WILL !—

“DAS VOLKSTEHT yet shall rise together,
Shaking off each galling yoke,
Nor rest till every bond they sever,
Till they every chain have broke !—

“UNITED WILL! with voice like thunder,
Million-tongued, shall strike you dumb,
And pale with fear and wildering wonder,—
Fleeing as the NATIONS come!

“As I then went shall thousands, gladly;
Bidding life and love farewell:
Fond ones 'round them grieving sadly,
Looking fears they dare not tell.

“Yes, Germany, Misrule unseating,
Purest Freedom shall attain:——
Even now her 'Eagle's wings are beating,'
And that Pæan sounds again!

“Then forward! youths, to death or glory!
Dear though home and friends may be:—
For, dying, ye shall live in story;
Living, see your country free!

“ Though Fortune's star be brightly shining ;
 Though its cheering influence bind
The soul to life, let no repining
 Quell the ardour of the mind :—

“ By Heaven, it is a sacred feeling !
 I have felt its holy fire
Through every vein, o'er each nerve stealing—
 Freedom's God did me inspire !

“ Though many are too base for living,
 None too good for Freedom die :
Pure Hearts, while your life-offerings giving,
 Know, they'll ever bloom on high !

“ No soul can be too great, remember,
 For a great and holy cause ;
Fan then to flames each smouldering ember—
 Forward! turn ye not, nor pause!

“ Brave youths! be rocks on which the nations
May their hopes of Freedom raise ;
Deserve, and gain their acclamations,
And be crowned with deathless bays !

“ Forth ! then, each daring breast exposing,
Forth ! a noble band to form,
That shall—Oppression’s waves opposing—
Both control and lead the storm !

“ What! tune the lyre to songs of gladness
Whilst your brethren bravely fight ?
Dance and toy!—delicious madness!—
Whilst they battle for the right ?

“ It may not be! your God—befriending
All the loved ones left behind—
His gracious aid for ever lending,
Will support each fervent mind.

“’Tis hard—I’ve known—life to surrender,
Life and Friendship—Love and Bliss!—
But all, again! I’d gladly tender
To attain an end like this!”

He ceases; sheathes his sword, still gory,
And rejoins the seraph throng;
Floating with them back to glory,
Borne upon their wings of song.

Hark! as they rise, the Pæan sounding—

“FREEDOM IS THY BIRTHRIGHT, MAN!”

The chorus, hark! with joy abounding,

“IF MEN WOULD BE FREE, THEY CAN!”

Past, Present, and Future.

TIME, like the torrent of a mighty flood,
Impetuous ever, surgeth ever on ;
And round about our globe, unheedingly,
The foam-bell hours rush ever to the Past,
Commingling with its sea of memories !—
Oh, vast ! oh, awful sea ! oh, dread abyss !
Whose ever-yawning depths have swallowed up
The countless generations of our race,
With all their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears !

Yet, ever as the torrent surgeth on,
And thus commingles, coming waves we see,
That may, joy-laden, gaily on us smile,
Or, with misfortune freighted, darkly frown.—
Mysterious Future ! the sustainer, Hope,
For ever points to thee, with outstretched arm ;

And, with exulting voice, still, "Onward!" cries;—
While her prophetic eye, piercing the gloom,
Reflects its scannings to each eager soul!

Unfathomable Future! endless End!

What fate—when old-world Time hath ceased to be—
Hid in thy far recesses, doth await
Our human race?—Man doth for something live,
That earth-life ne'er hath yielded, nor can yield—
For which the soul yearns even until death—
And findeth not! Oh! these dread Mysteries!
Life and Time!—Death and Eternity!

.

The Past and Future! what, and where, are they?
Who shall make palpable to soul or sense
These strange, mysterious existences,
That co-existent seem, and yet are not?—
The Present, ever intervening, ever is between!

.

Through memory, the Soul regains the Past ;
Through faith, the Future doth anticipate ;
Yet still is with the Present occupied :
And thus the Soul and Time, even now, possess
A Past, a Present, and a Future state !

The Old House.

FAREWELL, old house, although I leave thee,

It is hard to turn away ;

And yet, however much it grieve me,

Here, alas ! I cannot stay !

No ! other walls must soon enclose me,

Less familiar to my sight,

But this fond heart will never lose thee—

Thou shalt be a chief delight.

For I can ne'er forget the pleasures

That, erewhile, were mine in thee ;

And numbered amongst memory's treasures,

Thou, old house, shalt ever be.

Can I forget the happy faces—
Happy friends—in thee I've met ?
When of the past hath fled all traces,
Then, then only, I'll forget.

In thee, a father's dying blessing
Fell upon my saddened ear ;
In thee, a mother's kind caressing
Oft hath checked my childhood's tear.

I may remember, but to sorrow,
And may ponder, but to sigh—
That never shall there dawn a morrow
When on thee may rest mine eye.

But, oh ! there is a joy in sadness,
Such as cannot well be sung :
A soothing, soft'ning, voiceless gladness
To the heart—for ever young !

The Duke and Waterloo.

THE hero of a hundred fights !

All honour to his name !

The champion of our dearest rights

Enshrine in deathless fame !

And most of all his victories—

So signal and so true—

Let us remember with delight,

The one at Waterloo !

Embroidered perhaps we yet had been

With Gallia as a foe ;

Had Wellington with iron arm

Not laid the spoiler low.

From Elba, flushed with hope, he came

And threatened us anew ;

But crushed at last, his prowess died

On famous Waterloo !

Of glory full, and full of years,
The hero passed away :—
The nation wept a sea of tears—
The world bewailed the day !
And though we trust that ne'er again
We'll have such work to do,
Yet Britons never can forget—
The Duke and Waterloo !

An Emigration Lay.

I.

AND must we fly our country,
For earth's remotest shores?
Must we, like outcast children,
Be driven from her doors?
What have we done to merit
All but the foul disgrace
Of yon convicted felon—
Crime written on his face?

II.

Have we not toiled from childhood—
From early morn till e'en?
Have we not racked our bodies,
While crushed our souls have been?

We've neither begged nor idled—
Are honest, hand and heart—
Count every man a brother,
And with the weak take part.

III.

In working we take pleasure ;
Each of his art is proud,
And would exert the talents
With which he is endowed.
We wish but for employment—
We wish, and ask, in vain—
Our marts are overflowing—
The answer is too plain.

IV.

We are not discontented ;
The spirit of our laws—
Though they need reformation—
Calls forth our hearts' applause.

We're freemen, all, and know it ;
Nor do we disagree
With those who say, few people
Are privileged as we ;—

V.

But privileges never
Will feed or clothe a man ;
We must have food and wages,
Find them where best we can.
Thousands have gone before us,
Where we are going now,
And millions yet will follow
To sow, and "Speed the plough;"—

VI.

Unless they till their home-wastes—
Enrich their native soil—
Thousands there are of acres
That wait the sons of toil :

Hill-sides, and moors, and valleys,
Need but the human hand
To render them as fertile
As our adopted land.

VII.

No need of Emigration ;
Here's "Room enough for all !"
Were but the land delivered
From that vile feudal thrall.—
Time will emancipate it,
The many, not the few,
Are destined to possess it,
And reap thence labour's due.

VIII.

Strong in this hope we leave thee,
Our own dear native land ;—
Warm hearts for us are weeping
Upon thy rocky strand ;

And thou and they, for ever,
Shall in our memories dwell,—
We can but leave our blessing—
Farewell ! dear land, farewell !

Bonnie Invermay.

I'VE roamed afar, where'er the star
Of Fortune guided me ;
But till this day, sweet Invermay,
I've ne'er forgotten thee.
Time rolls along, while sigh and song
In swift succession flow ;
For smiles and tears, and hopes and fears,
Are all of life we know.
Yet dear to me shall ever be
The joy of life's young day ;
And still shall I, till mem'ry die,
Love Bonnie Invermay !

I love the glens, the rocky glens,
 Of our romantic land ;
 I love her hills, her heathery hills,
 And mountains sternly grand !
 Oh, for the days, the happy days,
 When Hope's bright cup ran o'er !
 But all in vain I sigh, again
 They'll gladden me no more ;
 Yet dear to me shall ever be
 The joy of life's young day ;
 And still shall I, till mem'ry die,
 Love Bonnie Invermay !

I love the streams, the bounding streams,
 That echo loves to greet ;
 That dance and play, and fall in spray,
 Like diamonds at our feet.
 And though Fate's star lead me afar,
 And strew my path with care,

Till sorrows grow, and age's snow

Hath whitened every hair ;—

Yet dear to me shall ever be

The joy of life's young day ;

And still shall I, till mem'ry die,

Love Bonnie Invermay.

B e a u t y.

A MEMORIAL SKETCH.

So fair! so beautifully bright!

She seemed of vision-land,
Till I felt the gentle pressure
Of her softly-clasping hand.

A bud full blossomed in an hour!

Methought it could not be,—
Yet with her girlhood's sunny smile,
The maiden welcomed me!

Wondrous the change three years had wrought!—

I could not fancy how!—
There, in the dawn of womanhood,
She stood before me now.

Her forehead seemed almost as pure
As loftiest mountains' snow :—
Such as for ages doth endure,
Nor spot nor stain doth know.

Her cheek could boast a richer bloom
Than blushing rose e'er wore ;
Her eyes a purer—holier—light
Than diamond ever bore.

Her lips, Oh, how shall I describe ?
To gaze on them was bliss !—
Meseemed that 'twould be sacrilege,
Such beauteous lips to kiss.

The witching smile that round them played
A stoic might have fired ;
And with an ardent, quenchless flame
His icy breast inspired.

When, through the haunts of early years,
She, smiling, strayed with me ;
Methought the very air we breathed
She gladdened—made more free !

Each look, each word—the simplest act—
Was marked by graceful ease :
Grace seemed her birthright—born her slave !—
As she seemed born to please.

Her voice was full of melody,
Her heart as full of love ;
But though it scorned no earthly thing,
Its haven was above !

If e'er perfection dwelt in one
Of fallen Adam's race,
Mine eyes in that angelic maid,
Its God-like signs did trace.

But all too soon the beauteous bud
 Burst into blossom'd pride ;—
Another year, and she I loved,
 Of death became the bride.

Oh, envious grave ! why take to thee
 Creation's loveliest flower ?
O'er charms like hers, why couldst thou give
 Decay and worms the power ?

Well, let them feast on what is theirs !
 For she hath gained her home—
She lives for aye, where nor decay,
 Nor death can ever come !

The Nectar of Life.

OH, Love is the Nectar of Life !

And drink of it freely we may ;

Why harbour we envy or strife ?

Let us drink, and so drive it away.

Love gladdens the heart of the man ;

It gladdened his heart when a boy !—

Let woman deny, if she can,

That Love hath through life been her joy.

Love must not to one be confined,

Yet equal to all cannot be ;

Degrees we in everything find,

And Love differs much in degree.

'Tis Love Universal I sing,
So do not mistake what I mean ;
The world to Love's feet I would bring,
Where always the world should have been !

The Cry of the Outcast.

OH, save us—ere we perish !

There is no human heart

So foul but it doth cherish

Some one redeeming part.

Our souls and bodies hunger—

Will no one give them food ?

Each day we're growing younger,

And weaker in aught good ;

But stronger we, and older,

In evil every day :—

Experience making bolder,

And pointing out the way.

We're idle, very idle,
While others work and win :
The daylight, like a bridle,
Doth hold us tightly in.

The Summer shines too brightly,
Its days are long and clear :—
In the dreary Winter, nightly,
We plunder without fear.

But we do not like the star,
Nor yet the quiet moon ;
For our stealthy work they mar,
And always rise too soon :—

Rise soon, and never weary,
But shine through all the night ;
And aye seem coming near ye,
With their eyes so sharp and bright.

What lone wastes are your long streets,
With windows brightly gay !
No fond, familiar home greets
The outcasts as they stray,—

Save the prison ; so what wonder
If for shelter we, and bread,
Oft risk an open plunder ?
Even caught, we're hous'd and fed !

Like rats—just human vermin—
We, skulking, steal for food :
Oh ye of wigs and ermine !
Can ye not do us good ?

Oh ! is there nothing for us
But law's strong, vengeful grip ?
Is there really nothing for us,
But hulk, or cage, or whip ?

Oh, save us—ere we perish!

There is no human heart

So foul but it doth cherish

Some one redeeming part!

Sonnet—The Plague.

It comes ! it comes ! with all too rapid strides,
The fearful pestilence comes grimly on.
What havoc 'twill have wrought—what laurels won—
Ere, gorged with victims, its fierce wrath subsides !
But that a vail, impenetrable, hides
The forming Future, eyes would turn to stone,
And stricken crowds their coming doom bemoan !
An inward dread is common o'er the land ;
For whom the plague shall smite, or whom pass by,
Nor human eye foresees, nor wisdom knows.—
What breasts shall heave with wild, convulsive throes ;
Or whom escape, and, Mercy's angels, stand
Beside their loved ones, prostrate, and to die,
Man knoweth not—nor may he question why !

Sonnet—Purgation.

AWAKE! nor slumber longer at your posts,
Ye who are charged with others' weal—awake!
Lose not an hour; but wisest counsel take,
As if a foe advanced, with mailèd hosts,
To sack, to burn, to ravage and destroy!
Command purgation!—cleanse out crannied filth!
Water is now the country's greatest wealth,
And ye its virtues may with speed employ.
With stealthy step, the Plague is drawing near;
Another day, and his malignant breath
May fill the air, and sow the seeds of death.
Then play no game of chance; for life—so dear!
Though, in the abstract, "but a passing show,"
Is far too precious for a gambler's throw.

The Life to Come.

MAN for the future lives ;
His life, a fleeting hour
Of mingled sun and shade :—
Behold him in the flower.

At morn, it blooms, and sheds
Its perfume all around ;
Ere evening—withers, fades,
And sinks upon the ground.

Man for the future lives,
But seems it not to know ;
His folly squanders time—
As sunbeams melt the snow.

Yet time is but a state
Of trial to us given :
The life that shall endure
Beginneth but in Heaven.

The Lady and the Lobster.

A BUXOM lady once to market went,
On something dainty for the dinner bent :
A Catholic of Rome, it chanced was she,
And being Friday, fish the fry must be.
Her husband was a man uncommon fond
Of something nice—the vulgar taste beyond—
And as she had in view a special favour,
She thought a lobster, with rich sauce to flavour,
Would be so nice, in fact, the very thing,
That she determined one she home would bring.
A full-grown, tempting fellow caught her eye,
Which she, if fresh, made up her mind to buy.
She put the question, and was told, of course,
In words as plentiful as full of force,
That fresh the fish was as a fish could be—
In fact, just that same morning fresh from sea.

But she, somehow or other, was suspicious—
The seller seemed less honest than officious ;
So strong the commendations, oft repeated ;
And she became convinced a smell most foetid
Did greet the olfactory nerve, as pretty close,
She held the fellow up to her 'cute nose.
“It smells,” said she, “the horrid, nasty thing.”
“Smells!” cried the vender, and her voice did ring
With fury, while her eyes shot fire;
“To spoil my trade, it seems, is your desire :
Try it again, too quickly you decide,
I can't afford to have my fish decried.”
Again the lady—than before more close—
Held up the lobster to her sapient nose :—
Now whether 'twas by chance, or by direction,
Or from some strange, inherent predilection,
No one can tell—but scarcely had she smelt him,
Till she most keenly, ay, and freshly, felt him.
He fastened, with a loving, close embrace,

Upon her nose, so rich in nasal grace—
A beau-ideal of a nose, in short,
A full-grown organ of the Roman sort !
Loudly the lady shrieked, so hugged against her will,
Louder the fishwives laughed, and laughed their fill.
“It serves her right,” one just got time to say,
“She’ll recollect its freshness many a day ;”
And then she with her comrades, as before,
Joined in the noisy laughter’s jolly roar.
At length, in pity, but with some ado,
The nose was rescued, looking rather blue ;
And off the dame in consternation hurried,
Silent—convinced—and not a little flurried.

H o p e.

HOPE, sweet Hope ! so sweetly sung
By bards of other days,
May yet be sung by modern tongue,
In less ambitious lays.

'Tis Hope that cheers us on our way,
Makes light the load of years,
And sheds the bright and golden ray
That banisheth our fears.

When Hope is dead, then all is dead ;
'Twere better far to die,
Than live when every hope hath fled
That cheered the spirit's eye.

Then ne'er despair, but ever hope ;
 'Twill soften life's hard way,
Be of declining years the prop—
 The solace and the stay !

Lines,

SUGGESTED BY THE PORTRAIT OF A DECEASED RELATIVE.

How faithfully pencilled these lineaments are !

Each feature, with life how replete !

Not a harsh or rude line the expression to mar ;

And that smile, O how touchingly sweet !

Methinks we can never o'ervalue the art

That preserves thus our loved ones in view ;

Refreshing the eye, and re-gladdening the heart,

With a portraiture vividly true.

Ten years now have passed since these eloquent eyes

Shed their last loving smile upon me ;

Lit up with a glory that seemed of the skies,

Where the spirit was longing to be.

I have travelled since then o'er the land and the sea,
-I have bustled and battled through life;
While that smile, like a talisman, journeyed with me,
A solace in quietude or strife!

“OLD TIME.”

MEN call me feeble, old, and grey—
My strength and vigour passed away—
But strong and stalwart still am I,
Nor frail my step, nor dim mine eye.

What are a thousand years to me?—
But as a drop to yonder sea!
I've not yet reach'd my manhood's prime,
And laugh to hear men say, “Old Time.”

Let centuries pass, and ages roll!
The year that my last knell shall toll
So far away in the future lies,
That ne'er a tear hath wet mine eyes.

No! I am joyous, gay, and free!
Leading a life of mirth and glee:
But, Man! note well each passing chime—
Short is thy stay in the realms of Time!

Sunny Memories.

How sweet those Sunny Memories
That cheer the loving heart!—
Companions dear in weal or woe,
That ne'er from us depart.

Like spirits they, unseen, unknown,
For ever with us dwell:
How oft they banish care away,
And clouds of gloom dispel!

Our earth is better than we think,
'Tis filled with lovely things;
And we may drink deep draughts of bliss
From unpolluted springs.

Such memories are flowers of love,
That grace Life's sunny side ;
That blossom bright and flourish there,
In beauty and in pride.

The kindly look, and kindly word,
That speak the honest heart,
More precious are than gold or gems,
Or treasures born of art.

Then cherish Sunny Memories,
Whose odour, and whose hue,
Shall aye refresh the heart that loves
The Beautiful and True !

To Helen Faucit.

PRIESTESS of Nature ! thy much-honoured name
Is deeply graven on the rock of Fame !
Many shall be by Time's rude waves effaced—
While lasts that rock, there "Faucit" shall be traced !
Which of thy bright embodiments shall we
The most esteem, as best recalling thee ?
The wayward Julia—wronging, and yet wrong'd ?
The faithful Imogen—her grief prolong'd ?
The playful Rosalind, with "fancy free ?"
Macbeth's dread lady ? Brave Antigoné ?
The doting Juliet—hopeful unto death ?
Poor Desdemona, of suspected faith ?
Fond Isabella ? Belvidera lost ?
Beatrice gay ? Or Juliana cross'd ?
Why swell the list ? Or why essay to choose ?
Where all are perfect, which can we refuse ?

And yet methinks, I, in my fancy's dream,
The wayward Julia shall the most esteem !

Few other names shall in our annals shine
So brightly, gifted lady, as shall thine !
O'er it posterity, with reverent eye,
Shall bend, and yield the tribute of a sigh ;
Grieving that thou canst ne'er to earth return,
To feed the fond desires that in them burn ;
E'en such desires as we have often known,
To see the gifted, who, erewhile, have shone :—
Lights of the world ! Stars of a former time !
Now blissful dwellers in the spirit-clime !

Daughter of Genius ! yet shall grace thy brow,
Even brighter laurels than adorn it now !
Then still as nobly tread life's actual way
As hitherto thou hast, that all may say,—
While with her genius she enthrall'd the heart,
She with her virtues dignified her art !

Starry Night.

I LOVE the starry night,
When hushed the world doth seem ;
When beauty, bathed in light,
Reigns mildly, yet supreme.

In vision sweet I see
The past, in pictures, rise ;
Sweet childhood's face of glee,
And youth's glad, sunny eyes.

Those scenes of other years
Before me swiftly pass ;
And all their hopes and fears
I see as in a glass.

Some sing the noon-day bright—

The sun with radiant beams ;

Give me the noon of night,—

Its pensive, waking dreams.

The Jew of Sidon.

IN Sidon, in the olden time,
There dwelt one Abel Maiht;
A man just in his manhood's prime,
Of honourable state.

Ten years had Abel wedded been
To Jessica Nursyee,
But child of his he ne'er had seen,
And sorely grievèd he.

One day sat Abel, all alone,
In's favourite alcove;
O'er his broad lands the bright sun shone,
And warmed them with its love.

“And must these fair domains descend
To one, no son of mine—
Lands, gold, and all, to but a friend—
Not ev’n of mine own line?”

So mourned aloud sad Abel Maiht,
His head upon his breast;
Much he bewailed his childless state,
And much was he depressed;

When, suddenly, his downcast eye
Flashed with the fire of thought;
He snapped his fingers, leapt on high,
With frantic joy o’erwrought.

“I have it now! I have it now!”
The Israelite exclaimed,
“Dissolved shall be my marriage vow;
I’ll to some Rabbi famed.”

Straightway, then, Abel sought his wife,
And gently to her broke
His wish to cast off, without strife,
His present wedded yoke.

She wept, she sobb'd—hot tears fell fast ;
She wept and sobbed in vain ;
“Nay, wife,” said he, “this need not last ;
We must, and shall be twain !”

That day to Rabbi Simon he
His downcast partner led,
And skilfully, and earnestly,
For a divorce he pled.

Stood Jessica, as statue pale,
Woe-stricken—crushed at heart ;
Yet wept no tear, let forth no wail,
But felt that they must part.

“’Tis true, indeed,” the Rabbi said,
“Thou a divorce can’st claim,
But think how long thou hast been wed
To this good worthy dame.”

Vain were his words, and vain her woe,
The Jew would have his way ;
Which seeing, Simon said, “Be’t so,
But list to me, I pray,—

“When you were wedded, to your friends
You gave a sumptuous feast ;
So do you now ; such small amends
You can’t refuse, at least.

“Your parting, as your union, thus
Shall duly honoured be ;
And surely one so virtuous
Deserves this much of thee.

“That done ; return to me, and I
Will grant what you desire :
I’d have ye part all pleasantly,
And not in hate and ire.”

They both agreed ; and homeward hied,
The banquet to prepare,
And to invite—next eventide—
Their friends the feast to share.

The cheer was plentiful as good ;
Of guests there were not few ;
And all had donned their happiest mood,
All sadness to eschew.

Thus all was well ; what must be, must,
Each wisely had bethought ;
So held their faces from the dust,
And set old Care at nought.

When as the wine began to flow,
Rich Abel's heart grew warm,
And soon 'gan tenderly to glow
Beneath its potent charm.

"Dear wife—dear Jessica," said he,
"To show we kindly part,
I pray thou wilt take hence with thee
What most delights thy heart.

"My house's richest treasure take—
Whate'er it be, 'tis thine ;
Preserve it for thy Abel's sake,
Whose heart shall aye be thine."

The sparkling cup went merrily round,
Both host and guests drank free ;
And soon lay stretched upon the ground,
Asleep, right heavilie.

Long ere the wine's strong fumes began
To muddle Abel's brain,
Had Jessica conceived a plan
Her husband to retain.

Thought she,—I'll keep him to his word,
Soon as he sleeping lies ;
The house no treasure can afford
Like that which fills mine eyes.

Abel was on a litter laid,
And to her father's borne ;
There placed upon the daintiest bed,
Nor woke he till the morn.

But such a waking!—how he stared,
And started with surprise !
Like tiger trapped, around he glared,
With wild and wondering eyes.

“Where—where am I?” he cried at last,
“How—wherefore am I here?—
What place is this?—Are my dreams past?—
No! still I dream, I fear.”

“No dream,” cried Jessica, “no dream
(She’d watched him all the night),
Be calm, nor so bewildered seem,
This house is Zadoc’s hight.”

“And wherefore I in Zadoc’s?—say!”
“My lord, be not surprised,
Last night thou bad’st me take away
Aught from thy house I prized.—

“Now, earth holds nothing that to me
Is dearer than thyself,—
Thy gold and jewels, without thee,
Are filthy dross and pelf.—

“Thou art the wealth which I would hoard,
Without thee, life were death,—
Cast me not from thee, my good lord,
Think on my love!—my faith!”

She ceased; he clasped her to his heart,
“My wife! my wife!” he cried,
“How could I think from thee to part?
Live ever by my side!”

Home they returned, nor e'er again
Was parting spoke of there;
And when had passed years, other ten—
She bless'd him with an heir!

Love and Friendship.

IF Love be our pilot,
And Friendship our guide,
The sky will grow brighter,
The storm will subside ;
And smooth 'o'er the current
Of life we will glide,
And love, and be friendly, for ever !

Though Fortune deny us
Her subtle caress ;
Still our pleasures may not,
Though her treasures be less ;
For joys still are left us
Each true heart to bless,—
Then love, and be friendly, for ever !

Without our creating,
We'll find troubles rife ;
So heart's ease let us cull,
While passing through life.
As weeds, aye rejecting
Hate, anger, and strife,
We'll love, and be friendly, for ever !

In Memory of Robert L. Malone,

Author of "The Sailor's Dream, and other Poems."

THOU'RT gone, but thou hast left sweet memories behind—
A pleasing, beautified remembrance in each mind
That e'er with thine held converse ; or that, day by day,
Beheld the quiet, even tenor of thy way.

And this indeed is fame ! fame lasting and secure—
Fame heart-enshrined, to live, to flourish, and endure.

In speech and manners always gentle and refined ;
At all times blandly courteous—uniformly kind ;
Warm and sincere of heart, the advocate and friend
Of Misery's hapless children, thou wert till the end :—
He best can feel for others who himself hath known
The griefs, and borne the ills, with which their spirits groan.

A faithful worshipper at Freedom's holy shrine,
Mobocracy could ne'er gain sympathies of thine ;

Deep read in Nature's book, thou plainly could'st foresee,
Of Ignorance and Power, the worse than tyranny!

Sworn foe of Bigotry, thou saw'st some little good
In almost every creed, if rightly understood;
And, teaching charity, "The greatest good below,"
Denounced the sectarist as its deadliest foe.

Thou had'st nor ear nor voice for flattery's hollow speech,
To truth alone thou'dst listen; thou truth alone did'st teach:
No bribe could gain thee over to deception's side;
Straightforward aye thy course, whatever might betide.

.
Thus much I've humbly said in memory of a friend;
Much more could say, nor weary for the task to end;
But all I've said, and more, his lays, still present, show—
So, unto them go ye who would him better know.

Make sweet his resting-place with lovely, pleasant flowers,
By friendly hands transferred from friendly garden bowers;
And so enrich the oasis where his ashes lie,
That none, unknowing, may the Poet's Grave pass by!

The Soul-Lit Eye.

THE diamond may sparkle,
The ruby may shine,
With light that may seem
To their owners divine ;
But never can diamond,
Or ruby, outvie,
In brilliance of lustre,
The soul-lit eye.

The eye hath a language,
Though voiceless it be,
That all may interpret—
To all it is free ;

Convincing its eloquence,
Warm its appeals,
And swifter than thought
To the heart it steals.

How awful in hatred !
How winning in love !
Now fierce as the tiger,
Now mild as the dove ;
All potent its glance is,
Where love hath the sway—
In a moment we look
What an hour could not say !

Down in the Valley.

A BALLAD—FOR MUSIC.

I.

DOWN in the valley, when the bright sun had set,
In silence and sorrow, two fond lovers met;
For Henry that morning had promised to go
Afar o'er the ocean, to fight England's foe.

II.

Poor Mary! her heart was o'erwhelm'd with despair;
Woe-worn were her features, dishevelled her hair;
She wept not—she could not—but heav'd a deep sigh,
As she falter'd, "Oh, Henry! I fear I shall die!"

III.

"Nay! speak not of dying, my Mary," said he;
"With wealth, and with honours, I'll come back to thee;
And here, in this valley, will build thee a home,
While I never again from my Mary shall roam."

IV.

She heard, but replied not ; she ceased e'en to sigh ;
All silent her tongue, and all tearless her eye ;
He kiss'd the fair statue, then took him to flight ;
For he dared not look more on that soul-melting sight.

SECOND PART.

V.

Down in that valley, when seven years had gone,
One evening, strayed Mary, still grieving, alone ;
She gazed on the spot where that parting took place,
While the tear-drops of mem'ry suffused her sweet face.

VI.

She heard coming footsteps—was hastening away,
When a voice cried, “Oh, stay, Mary ! stay, my love !
 stay !”
She knew it—she turned—in a moment was pressed
To the heart of her Henry—her sorrows at rest.

VII.

“Said I not, my dear Mary, I’d come back from sea,
With honours and wealth, and a heart true to thee?
Now I’ve gold on my shoulder, and gold in my purse,
And my heart, you will find, ’s not a farthing the worse.

VIII.

“Now, look up, dearest Mary, the wars are all o’er;
Our foes are subdued, and we’ll never part more;
For here I will anchor the rest of my life,
And leave the big world to its noise and its strife.”

The "Good Old Times."

A FIG for the "Good old times,"
Of which some love to sing;
A fig for the doggerel rhymes
From grumblers' brains that spring!

"In these 'Good old times,'" say they,
"Men were as men should be;
They fared on the best each day,
And lived right jollily!

"Starvation was then unknown;
Taxation but a name."
'Neath the Taxes now men groan—
From which Starvation came.

A plague on your "Good old times!"—

Ye drivelling dotards, cease!—

Say, what but their splendid crimes

Now rob us of our fleece?

We're shorn to the very skin,

While still the Debt remains;

And, like a National sin,

The nation's life it drains.

Though many fared well each day,

The millions were oppress'd:—

'Tis a crowning lie to say,

"The People then were bless'd."

And never again, let's pray,

May might alone be right:

The sun of a better day

Now sheds its glorious light!

So a fig for the "Good old times,"
Of which some love to sing;
And a fig for the doggerel rhymes
From grumblers' brains that spring!

On the Death of William Thom,

OF INVERURY.

I.

OH, Penury! still is the victory thine;
The gifted, methinks, swell thy graves;—
Lay the shattered shell there, 'twill rot and decay
Ere the long grass over it waves.

II.

Son of Song! is thy voice become mute, and for aye—
The last of thy strains, is it sung?
No answer—the silence unbroken remains—
The silence of death seals thy tongue.

III.

What hardships were thine in this cold world of ours!
What strugglings to “live by the way!”
Still, 'mid all thy griefs, oft companioned by tears,
There welled forth from thee the sweet lay.

IV.

Cold is his heart who can learn thy sad story
Unmoved by its burden of woe;
For save when the Muse shed her influence o'er thee,
Life's sweets thou wert doomed to forego.

V.

Why did they tempt thee away o'er the border,—
Why promise thee Honour and Fame?
Why did they lure thee away from old Scotland,
If not to perpetuate their shame?

VI.

Why did they prate of the fate of "The Ploughman"—
Why say that our prophets we killed—
Then leave thee to starve, when a lion no longer—
Unless they in torture were skilled?

VII.

Hadst thou but stayed in the land of thy fathers!—
Thy friends there were firm, if but few—
Neglect's bitter pangs would at least have been saved thee,
For even till death they were true.

VIII.

But 'tis o'er ; thou hast ended thy pilgrimage now ;
The earth is no longer thy home ;
Through death thou hast past—become deathless and free—
Through the far spirit-worlds to roam.

IX.

Now the riddle is read, and the problem is solved ;—
To thee the great mystery made plain :
Thou hast gain'd thy reward, and the world may roll on,
But thou'lt dwell in it never again.

The Two Bees.

A FAMILIAR FABLE VERSIFIED.

IN search of honey, one fine morn in May,
Two Bees set out, resolved to spend the day.
Soon they a garden reached, whose dainty bowers
Teemed with delicious herbs, and fruits, and flowers ;
And there rejoiced they o'er the choicest fare
That bees could wish for, with no need to spare.
The wiser, and more temperate, of the twain
Had sense to know "Enough," and did refrain
From full satiety : loading, instead,
His thighs with plenteous stores of "winter bread."
The other, foolish, and on feasting bent,
Crammed his dear stomach to his heart's content :
Having no end in view but present pleasure,
He thought he might indulge it without measure.

Roaming about, a vial they espied,
Whose rounded, open mouth, so smooth and wide,
Disclosed of honey such a plenteous store,
That they were tempted to a tasting more.
The wiser of the two with caution sipped,
Nor ever once beneath the surface dipped ;
And lest his palate might be thus o'ertried,
With prudent speed to fruits and flowers he
hied :

Improving thus the relish of his meal,
And sagely studying his stomach's weal.
The epicure, upon the other hand,
By greed o'ermastered, a descent had planned ;
And plunging headlong 'midst the golden store,
Resolved to eat till he could eat no more !
As evening fell, "I must no longer roam,"
The prudent bee bethought, "I'll steer for home ;"
But calling for the other on the way,
His hapless plight compelled a longer stay.

He found him surfeited, sore sick at heart,
And conscience-stung, as with a deadly dart.
Clogged were his wings, enfeebled was his frame,
Retaining nought of life except the name.
He had but strength to bid his friend adieu,
Lamenting that his moments were so few,
And this sage moral left,—

“To live too fast
Is folly; blind indulgence cannot last,
However sweet the taste of pleasure be,
Its end being death—in pain and misery!”

True Love.

TRUE LOVE, they say, will never die,
Despite the world's decrying;
But flourish 'neath a brighter sky,
Death and the grave defying.

O I would search the world around
To gain such Love's devotion!
And prouder feel than monarch crowned,
Amid earth's wild commotion.

For life, however bright it seem—
Presaging glad to-morrows—
Is but at best a troubled dream,
And deeply tinged with sorrows.

Then let us cherish hearts sincere,
Love that can ne'er be blighted;
Surrend'ring life without a fear—
Eternally united!

D a y.

RESTLESS, and tired of wooing sleep, I rose,
And climbing to the summit of a neighbouring hill,
Beheld the Morn put forth her lovely arms,
And draw apart the gauze-like draperies
Of her eastern bed ; she smiling thence—
As joy-expectant as a fair young bride
Whose love's blest consummation is at hand.
O 'twas a glorious sight ! and, joyously,
Mine eyes I feasted on the charms of Morn.

Beneath me lay the sea, waveless and still ;
Stretching far out !—away !—and yet away !—
Laving, as it meseemed, the pale blue sky,
That looked its boundary wall.

A western breeze—
A soft and whispering breeze—pass'd o'er me,
And adown the hill; saluting on its way
The sweet wild flowers, and shaking thence the dew;
Then, floating o'er the sea, formed mimic waves—
Far out, for many a mile!

Gaily then rose
The SUN, from the blue water's farthest verge,
And wedded with the MORN. From them, anon,
Came forth the Day—a lovely summer Day!—
That, till the evening, lived in golden smiles,
Then died away in rich and mellow light!

Child's Hymn

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year! another year!
Yet still are we sojourners here—
Still pilgrims travelling on the way
To lasting night, or lasting day.
It is a narrow, narrow road,
Our Bibles say, which leads to God,
And all who wish to walk therein
Must cleanse their inward sight from sin;

Else, blindfold in the beaten path
Where sinners go, condemned to wrath,
We'll wander on, bereaved of sight,
Not knowing when may come the night.
But night will come—the night of death—
And all who want the light of faith,

To cheer them at the dying hour,
Must yield them slaves to Satan's power.

I wonder on which road I am :
Is it to glory and the Lamb ?
Or to that place where those who fell
From heaven above as devils dwell ?
May I this night, this hour, begin
The christian race, and strive to win ;
Place all my trust in God the Lord,
“ Who only can me help afford.”

This night—last of the dying year—
May I approach my God with fear ;
Before his throne my sins confess,
And ask forgiveness through his grace.
Oh ! teach me, Lord, this night to pray
To Thee, that in the narrow way
Thou would'st my stumbling footsteps guide,
And bring me safe o'er Jordan's tide !

Sonnet—Niebuhr.

HISTORIAN of Rome! great master mind!
Whose mental victories o'erawe the souls
Of common men! thy name upon the rolls
Of lasting fame a glorious place shall find!
What mighty excavations of the Truth—
Of riches deep embowelled in the Past—
Invaluable, multiform, and vast—
Now freshly glowing in renew'd youth!
Heroic Will! what may'st thou not o'ercome?
What mighty triumphs may'st thou not achieve?
In silence working, what proud trophies leave,
To strike the world with admiration dumb?
Such as thou, Niebuhr, potent as sublime,
Hath left to flourish in the Coming Time!

Charlie's Comin'.

A JACOBITE SONG.

(Set to Music by CROWSHAW JOHNSON.)

CHARLIE'S comin' o'er the sea,
Soon he'll set the country free
From those that bear the rule and gree
In bonnie Caledonia!

Gentle breezes, softly blow,
We burn until we meet the foe,
And strike the bold, decisive blow
For King and Caledonia!

Noble hearts are beating high,
All will fight, none basely fly;
For if they conquer not, they'll die
For ancient Caledonia!

Oh that Charlie were but here !
The base usurper then might fear—
As loud the din fell on his ear .
Of joy in Caledonia !

Heard ye not that distant hum ?
And now the pipe, and now the drum,
Proclaim the news that Charlie's come
To gladden Caledonia !

Tyrants, tremble, Charlie's here !
Now, indeed, ye've cause to fear ;
Hielan' hearts ! be of good cheer,
And on for Caledonia !

The Wanderer's Home.

THOSE hills are just the hills of yore—
That river shineth as before ;
These are the rocks on which we played—
This the bright beach o'er which we strayed.
I see the old house on the hill,
The old oak trees surround it still ;
The blue smoke curling from the roof,
Of habitation still gives proof ;
And still, within, warm hearts may beat,
That blend and mingle as they meet ;
But they are gone that once dwelt there,
And gone, alas ! I know not where.

Ah ! many a Summer rich and green,
And many a Winter bare and keen,

Both of the earth, and of the soul,
I've known, since last I left this goal—
This goal, towards which, where'er sojourned,
Hope's longing eye, unwearied, turned.
In vain I sought a foreign shore,
To gain increase of worldly store ;
In vain I toiled from morn till e'en,
With a desire still growing keen :
'Twas all for them, the loved, the true,
The only joys my spirit knew !

One draweth near ; perchance he'll know
Something of them—be 't joy or woe.
“ Know'st thou, old man, what fate befell
Those in yon cottage wont to dwell ? ”
“ Ah, sir ! too much, too well I know,
And from mine eyes tears often flow
For their said fate.—Want sent them forth,
With all their kindness and their worth,

From this sweet spot—to them so dear—
Their happy home for many a year.
The story's long, but I'll be brief,—
Misfortune, crawling like a thief,
Unseen, stole every prop away ;
Then grew they poorer day by day.
First, with ambition fired, their son—
An only, much beloved one—
Forsook their hearth, and o'er the sea
Afar, in search of gold, went he.
Years passed away—long, weary years—
No tidings came to dry their tears :
The while Misfortune's chilling shower,
Fell heavier on them every hour.
Their cattle died ; their crops grew bare ;
Health failed ; hope fled ; and came despair !

“ Their friends were true, but poor as true.
Our feeble aid could not renew

Their substance gone, their failing health—

The last beyond the help of wealth.

Some kindly whispered, 'It may be,

That him you mourn, you yet may see;

Full many a time do tidings stray,

Sent from such distant lands away.

He may be living—prosperous—great—

Though you have heard not of his fate.

The clime is genial; can relume

Cheeks that have lost their wonted bloom;

For peace of mind, renew'd health,

Mayhap for plenteous stores of wealth,

We'd then advise—though grieved to part—

You'd thus adventure with good heart.'

"They gave consent; we, a small store

Made up, with wishes that 'twere more;

Then sold they all, and o'er the sea

Sailed hence, to seek health, home—and thee!—

Methinks I err not, thou'rt their son,
That only, much belovèd one !”

Right, right, old man, I am that same—
Who went in search of wealth and fame.
Both mine became ; yet still my heart
Lacked happiness—the better part.
All my fond hopes were centred here—
All that I held most sacred—dear :
Yet have I but returned to know
How my ambition proved their woe !
But here I must no longer stay,
My heart's with those now far away.
Like bird from a forsaken nest,
I fly to seek another rest.

Farewell ! thou river shining clear ;
Farewell ! old hills, to me so dear !
Bright, pebbly beach,—grey rocks, farewell !
I may no longer with ye dwell.

Adieu ! old house, dear land, adieu !

My fervent blessings rest on you—

I now must re-traverse the sea,

For where they are, is Home to me !

Sonnet—"To-Day."

OH what shall cheer the faithless man in death ;
When, prostrate and o'ercome with hopeless strife—
Vain wrestling to retain a godless life—
He feels he must at last resign his breath ;
Feels that the world must vanish from his eye,
And he forth on his trackless way depart,
Groaning beneath the burden of his heart ?
Shall mercy to him come from God on high,
'Gainst whom, through life, defiance he did vow ?
Shall bless'd angels leave their home above,
And proffer him the aids of heavenly Love ?
Beware, Oh Man ! accept the offer NOW ;
Time, swifter than thy thoughts, doth fleet away—
Find peace with God, while it is called "TO-DAY !"

Hope's Whisper.

SORE tried with suffering, yet upheld by faith, she died ;
Her near ones wept—my shrunk heart only sighed.
The time for parting came, then, weeping, forth I went ;
But far I had not gone ere all my strength was spent.
The night was chilly, yet the lamps of heaven shone
bright ;
And the round, full moon poured earthward floods of light.
No sound heard I—save the low murmur of a stream,
That only made my loneliness more lonely seem.—
I felt as oft I'd done, watching at night, alone,
By that sick couch, listening the sufferer's moan.
A sense of dreariness came o'er me ; and methought
My very soul grew sick—as if with fear o'erwrought.
Oh man ! why is it that—when death doth thee bereave
Of those round whom thy soul's affections thou did'st
weave—

Grieving, thou standest, statue-like, and weepest o'er
The lost and loved ones who will gladden thee no more?
Weep thou a sea of tears—they will not come again!
Breathe thou a world of sighs—the dead the dead remain!
While thus I reasoned, lo! adown the clear blue sky,
A bright star shooting, for a moment caught mine eye.
Then, swift as passed that star, fled dreariness away:
Hope whispering to my soul, "Come shall a glorious
 day,
When sphere-divided spirits yet shall re-unite,
And, linked in sweet communion, pass through worlds
 of light!
Eternal bliss rewarding faith and trust in Him
Round whom they shine with seraphim and cherubim."
Mighty the influence of that low, sweet spirit-voice—
I felt my heart expand again—my soul rejoice!
And lightly journeyed homeward, sagely pondering o'er
The life we pass through now, and that which lies before.

The Spirit's Flight.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A VERY BEAUTIFUL AND VERY
PIOUS YOUNG LADY.

WE may not mourn the spirit's flight
From darkness to unclouded light !
We cannot wish that it had stayed,
Of earth-blights—earth-damps—sore afraid.
And yet, we're human—life-love, how human !
Earthy, how earthy !—strong man, frail woman :
Clinging for ever to this narrow sphere,
Mocking all higher hopes, we grovel here.

WE have a hope—a blessed hope !
With sin and death 'twere fit to cope,
If linked to faith. Oh, fearless faith !
That, in the unfathomed sea of death,
Leaps boldly from the giant rock of Time,
Which it took long and weary years to climb :

Floating away—away to eternity—
Breathing the blissful air of infinity!

Her's was that hope, and her's that faith
That lulls the stormy waves of death.
Oh! how she wished to be away—
Away from night to lasting day!
From its love and hate—its joy and sorrow;
Now she knows no night—fears no to-morrow.
Glory eternal!—changeless—for ever—
Is the joy of believers—"fading never!"

Cease to repine. She is happier far
Than ye e'er could have made her—than ye are.
Wherefore be downcast?—strive to be with her,
When ye leave this pilgrim-world for ever.
Grace is abounding!—Heaven without limit!
Struggle on!—still on!—till ye are in it.
And that hope never flees from the faith-girt soul,
But illumines the path to the spirit-goal!

The Exile of Poland.

I WAS born in ancient Poland,
Amongst the great and brave;
When her noble hearts were sinking
Beneath Oppression's wave.

I was nursed amid the thunder
Of the cannon's loud roar
And I quailed not—did but wonder,
And love it more and more!

There were mighty ones around me,
In childhood's pleasing dream;
When I feared not, knew not danger—
Was but dazzled by the gleam.

My heart swelled nigh to bursting then,—

Oh ! how it swelleth now,

As memory, unbid, recalls

The time—the place—the vow !

The cold grey sky thy covering ;

The cold green turf thy bed ;

Where faithful Zerski made his thigh

A pillow for thy head !—

On me thy gaze was fixed ; thou laidst

Thy wounded hand in mine ;

And as death nearer came, methought

Thine eyes did brighter shine :—

But Oh ! the last soul-piercing look

Which thou on me didst cast—

Ere from its shattered prison-house

The deathless spirit passed !

'Twas agony ! I sank—I swooned,
Almost of life bereft ;
I lived—for Poland !—but as well
Might then the world have left.—

For idle all has proved the boast
Made o'er my father's grave :—
That, gloriously, our banners yet
From Warsaw's heights should wave !—

That, though they robbed me of his halls,
They could not of his fame ;
That, if I lived, I'd prove his son
Was worthy of his name !—

Nor rest till Poland had been freed
From the accursed Powers ;
Or I had died a glorious death,
As died her fairest flowers !

Oh, Poland ! is thy glory gone ?

Thy sun for ever set ?

Is there no hope that years may bring

Deliverance to thee yet ?

.

“ Nay, nay, old man, do not despair ;

I have a word for thee ;

I do believe the time decreed

When Poland shall be free !

“ Her glory is not gone for aye—

Her sun for ever set—

There is a hope that years shall bring

Deliverance to her yet ;—

“ The Austrian at this may smile,

The wily Russian sneer :

The Prussian may laugh—may scorn,—

And say—‘ A doubtful seer ;’—

“ But Hope’s bright Angel whispers thus :—

‘ Each Polish heart be mine,
Of me they’ll learn how Freedom’s sun
Shall yet on Poland shine !’—

“ Years may roll by, ere this shall be,

But be it shall, at last ;

Then, bitterly, those Powers shall rue

The conquests of the past !”

.

Brave Gallia hath proclaimed the rule

Of oily Phillippe o’er ;

His frauds, intrigues, and cheats have met—

What they deserve—no more !

.

Hark ! yet again—’tis Germany !—

Her voice is raised on high,

And louder than her ocean’s roar,

For Freedom is the cry !

Oh, Poland ! is thy glory gone ?

Thy sun for ever set ?

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Hark ! yet again—’tis Germany !—

Her voice is raised on high,

And louder than her ocean’s roar,

For Freedom is the cry !

Now, therefore, Poles, be brave!—be true!

But wisely bide your time;

Hope on!—trust on!—for punishment

Is the reward of crime!

My Own Dear Land.

If thee, my dear country ! I ne'er see again,
If through life I an exile am doomed to remain,
Still this heart, ever yearning, shall cherish my home,
And its thoughts through thy valleys and wild woods
shall roam,—

My own dear Land !

Yes ! no more I thy hills and thy mountains may see,
But my spirit, in fancy, shall travel to thee,—
Inhale the sweet breath of thy heath and wild flowers,
And live o'er again its youth's joy-laden hours—

My own dear Land !

The hearts may grow cold that I now leave behind,
They may change, may forget, or grow less and less kind ;

But his country the same to the exile shall be,
Ever bright, ever fair, the bless'd home of the free—

My own dear Land !

Then, adieu ! see the vessel's white sails are outspread,
And the wind is careering and whistling o'erhead,
All anxious to bear me away from thy view,
Then, adieu ! my loved country, Old Scotland, adieu !

My own dear Land !

Roseneath, Argyleshire.

HERE Beauty, like a spirit, doth preside !
And breathes enchantment in divinest charms
O'er everything around—above—below :
Casting a spell most potent o'er the soul,
Full fraught with soft entrancement and delight !
The noble Gair ! in which immirrored shine
The snowy cloudlets and the azure sky,
Seems loveliest of Clyde's romantic lakes !
How graceful is the curve of that bright beach !
How sweetly picturesque that shining bay,
With flower-bejewelled, sloping meadow banks !
How rich the darker hues of towering trees !—
Those noble pines ! whose leafy arms afford
A welcome and refreshing Summer shade.

Embowered in charms, the castle smileth forth,
Like a bright gem in rich enamel set—
Art amidst Nature, placed in full relief.
By such serenity of beauty soothed,
I'd dream away a life of blissful ease
In this sweet Eden of my native North;
Nor ever pine for fame; nor seek to shine
To the world's eye, by wealth or place made known:

France and Napoleon.

A BRITISH ODE.

BEAUTIFUL France! romantic, smiling land!
Each true-born British heart now holds thee dear—
O'erflows with purest love for thee and thine,
And with fond rapture our alliance hails.
Be this the dawn of lasting brotherhood!
The re-risen Empire's best achievement,
And the bright harbinger of Europe's peace!

Foremost alike in science and in art;
Valiant alike in arms, by land or sea?
Breathing as 'twere the very selfsame air,
We surely brothers were by Heaven ordained.

Thy manhood on old England's breast was nursed,
Napoleon! And thy fair Eugenie's blood
Flowed from our hardy Barons of the North.
So 'tis most meet that in thy reign the bond
Of union should be ratified in love!
The strangest tale of history's romance
Thou hast most gloriously realized!
And given the lie to every hireling pen
That dared with obloquy to link thy name.
Press nobly onward in thy bright career!
And thou shalt yet achieve for lovely France
A greater glory than thy uncle could—
Though his vast intellect still wrought and planned
For her advancement on the rolls of fame.
Napoleon! France! be to your mission true,
And cultivate with zeal the peaceful arts!—
Even while your armies, side by side with ours,
Engage and crush the foul and ravenous beast
That seeks again to slake his murderous thirst

With the best blood of Eastern liberty !
Napoleon ! France ! seize ye the golden hour !
And forge yourselves a name that shall endure
When war's last trumpet shall have ceased to sound,
And earth be jubilant o'er universal Peace !

The Old Thorn Tree.

BENEATH the aged Thorn I stand,
That old familiar tree ;
Round which, in childhood's pleasant days,
We romped so merrily !

Beside it still glides smoothly on
The slumb'rous old mill stream :—
I cannot tell in what they're changed,
But, Oh, how changed they seem !

Their light, their life, their charm is gone ;
The fond hearts and the true
Are crushed and dead, or distant far
From all their childhood knew !

And now no more mine eyes can find
Delight in this fair scene :—
It yields but thoughts of faded joys,
And sighs for what hath been.

Regrets and Consolations.

LIFE'S sunny prime, it's golden time,
Hath passed from us for ever ;
Floats every day, some joy away
On time's swift-flowing river.

The joys we knew, who can renew ?
The friends, who can restore them ?—
Where low they lie, we can but sigh,
And weep our sorrows o'er them.

This is not well, friends do not dwell
In the dark and silent tomb ;
Their bodies may, but Oh ! not they ;
In a better land they bloom.

For ever young, pure joys among,
They dwell in the spirit clime,—
Our home to be, when death sets free
From the bonds of earth and time!

Sonnet—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

No giant arm hath cleft the flinty rock
From which the wailing waters fall and flow ;
No elemental war vouchsafed the stroke,—
A gentle Woman struck the mighty blow
That thrilled the world, like an electric shock,
Till its big heart had wept a sea of woe !
Woman ! the first of human kind enslaved,
Hath trod on slavery, that accursèd thing ;
Hath scorn, and sneers, and foulest rancour braved,
To fledge sweet Freedom with triumphant wing !
Angelic Woman ! to thy mission, now,
We'll homage pay, and bless the name of Stowe !

Address

TO THE BRITISH FORCES ENGAGED IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

To arms! to arms! ye gallant brave,
Your glorious mission is to save—
To rescue Freedom from the grave,
And crush its wily foe!

Stand to your guns! ye warriors true,
Ye noble hearts 'neath jackets blue;
Keep brave Old Charlie's words in view,
And sink the enemy!

The Lily and the Rose entwined,
Have sacred Freedom now enshrined;
And now, united and combined,
They nobly dare the world!

Let France and Britain rule the waves ;
Together, rid the world of slaves,
And purge it wholly of such knaves
As Nicholas the Bad !

Be wise, O kings ! your thronedoms shake,—
Be warned, ere Germany doth wake,—
Be honest, and a bold stand take
With us for Liberty !

For us, and for our gallant brave,
Our glorious mission is to save—
To rescue Freedom from the grave,
And crush its wily foe !

War Hymn

OF THE BRITISH FORCES ENGAGED IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

God of battles ! now defend us,
Grant that success may attend us,
And triumphant victory send us,
Speedily !

With Thy gracious promise hire us,
With a holy zeal inspire us,
With a noble spirit fire us,
Speedily !

May Thy great right arm be o'er us,
Leading to achievements glorious ;
And so gentle Peace restore us,
Speedily !

All we ask is Thee beside us,
Whatsoever may betide us ;
Then descend, O Lord ! and guide us,
Speedily !

Cloudlets.

CLOUDLETS, golden, white, and grey,

Wherefore haste ye thus away—

Why not hover yet awhile

Over this our northern isle ?

Why so swiftly from us fly ?

Why not tarry 'neath our sky ?

It is cold ; your smiles are warm ;

Ye have each and all a charm.

How I love ye, little clouds !

Ye seem, wrapt in dreamy shrouds,

Spirits of those pass'd away—

Who have triumphed o'er decay.

.

Oh ! ye memories of the dead,
That seem floating round my head—
Wanderers from your heavenly goal,
Welcome ! welcome to my soul !

Though from out the world's wide throat
Nor name, nor fame, of yours doth float ;
Still, in moments hallowed, sweet,
Silently, I these repeat.

.
Cloudlets, ye, methinks, have stayed
While, for a moment, I essayed
To rest this pining, yearning heart
On joys that come but to depart ;—

Snowy Cloudlets ! ye are they
Who left earth in life's young day ;
Flowers, now, of a better clime,
Ye defy the blights of time ;—

Golden Cloudlets ! ye seem those
Whose earth pilgrimage did close
In bright midway of life's span—
Ere its downward course began ;—

Sober Cloudlets ! what of you ?
Ah, ye shower the richest dew !
Full of wisdom, as of years,
Ye left the world that still reveres.

Cloudlets ! golden, white, and grey !
Wherefore haste ye thus away—
Why not hover yet awhile
Over this our northern isle ?

The Harp of the North.

THE Harp of the North long hath been unstrung,
It accords not with modern rhymes ;
But Oh ! what glorious songs have been sung
By our Bards in the bygone times !

As bold and as free as the mountain streams
Was each wildly thrilling strain ;
And still as I hear them the old Harp seems
To have wakened to life again !

Where slumbers the Muse of the stormy North,
With her wild romantic lays ?
Who shall sound the Harp, and entice her forth
To sing as in other days ?

That again such noble strains may have birth
As those Mighty Minstrels sung,
Whose fame hath now encircled the earth,
The theme of every tongue !

Shams.

SHAM on the forehead of this age is writ,
Could we but pierce its flimsy cuticle.
The seeming, not the real, doth obtain :
The counterfeit more current is than gold,
And forged humanity is easy of exchange.
Would that the gift of prescience were ours,
To separate the sterling from the base !
And ratify the same with honest seal,
Whose lasting impress should instruct the world !
O were it meet for me to travel through
The vast vocabulary of foetid Shams
With which the age is heavily surcharged—
And that, so rankly, fester in the sight of Heaven,
Foul, hideous, and revolting to the eye

That through no false, expedient medium sees—
Methinks I could so blacken this fair earth,
That 'twould appear as if men wished to think
Eternity and Time, and Life and Death,—
This world and that to come—were nought but Shams!

Green Fields.

A FRAGMENT.

O YE are very pleasant ! ye green fields ;
Ye are so soft, and bright, and beautiful !
So welcome and refreshing to these eyes
That have so yearned and pined in yonder town.

True, a divinity reigns everywhere !
Miles deep in the dark, disembowelled earth—
Aloft, upon the mountain's dizziest peak !
But, Oh, ye dwellers by the woods and fields,
Ye are not lacerated by the sights of woe
That in the city tear and rend the heart !
There, amid filth and darkness, crime hath birth ;
And our humanity, debased, appears

In shapes that mock, and seem to give the lie
To the great hope that buoyeth up the soul—
The glorious Hope of Immortality !

Therefore, ye dwellers by the woods and fields,
Praise God continually for your estate,
So fraught with the primeval bliss of man !

Good Night.

A PARTING CHORUS.

Good Night! Good Night!

It soundeth like a prayer—

That echoes in each heart,

And finds a welcome there.

May blessings light on all—

May no mishap befall—

Be Joy the only thrall

Our hearts will have to bear.

So, Friends, Good Night!

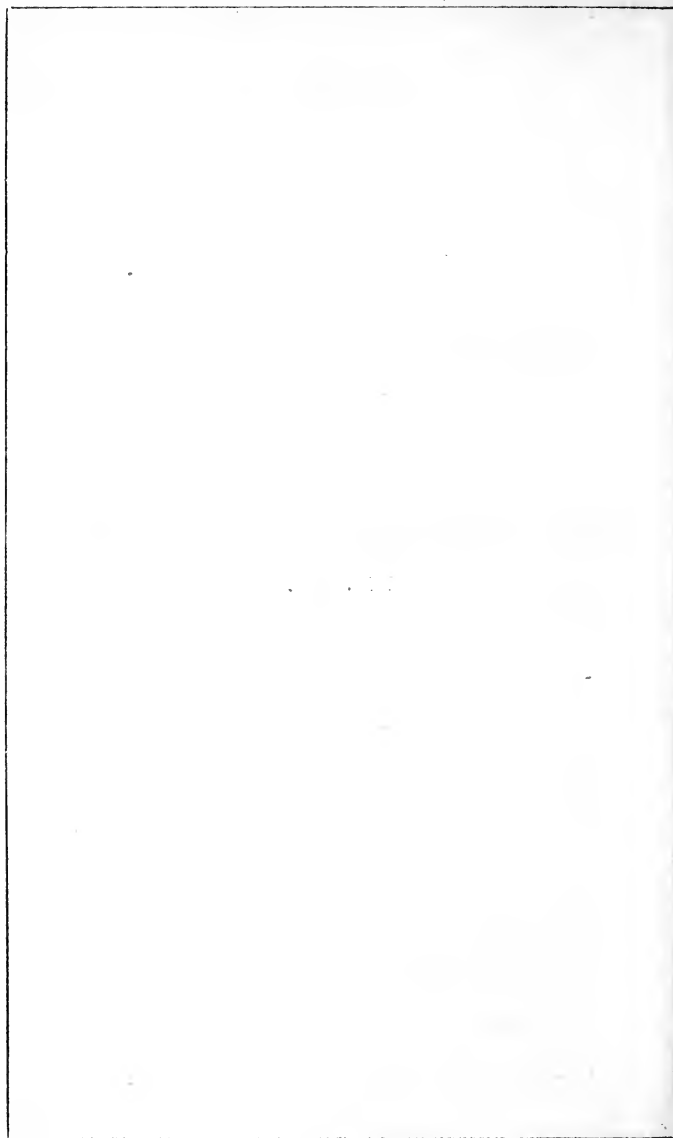
Kind Friends, Good Night!

Good Night! Good Night!

So, Friends, Good Night!

Good Night! Good Night!

THE FOLLOWING PIECES WERE PUBLISHED
IN 1848.



Slaberg.

A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

CAN they be men, who Slavery's stain,
And Slavery's soul-corroding chain,
Doom millions to—because the skin,
That hides the human hearts within,
Is not so fair as theirs? Can we,
Unmoved, behold such misery,
Nor raise our voices—loud and strong—
In Freedom's thrilling, burning song?
Bards! strike your harps! bring tones of fire
To chase from Earth the Demon dire
That o'er foul Slavery's rites presides—
In every fresh-caught victim prides—
That feasts his wild and wolfish eyes
With hell-invented cruelties!
One Summer eve—'twas flowery June,
The stars shone forth, and the pale moon—

I bent my steps towards the shore :
The Sea's wild music, more and more,
I've learned to love, since first, amazed,
On its vast, heaving breast I gazed.
And as each hoary-headed wave
The grey rock's rugged sides did lave
On which I sat, methought they sung
A song unlearned by mortal tongue,
Of melting pathos—such a tale,
That, if frail memory do not fail
While I essay to sing it here,
Each heart must bleed—tear, chasing tear,
Fall even from the sternest eye,
And all be slaves of sympathy !
Its measure strange I still retain,
And something of the plaintive strain.
As I remember, thus the Sea
Sung of the woes of Slavery :—

I.

“ I’ve washed the shores of every land
Since first the world began,
Till now, and none may me command
That bear the name of man.
They may glide o’er my breast
While calmly I rest,
Or plough me when I foam,
But soon, every trace,
I’ll wholly efface
Of those that o’er me roam.
They may blast the rock, and fell the tree,
But can work no lasting change on me !

II.

“ Yet love I all that dwell on earth,
And would that I could sing
Always to them a song of mirth,
And always pleasure bring !

But the rude winds and I,
When they bluster high,
Engage in noisy strife,
And fatal to the ships
Is the sky's eclipse—
Oft to the seaman's life;
Yet every fierce and growling blast
I drown 'neath my mountain waves at last!

III.

“I am the mirror of the Sun—
The Moon—each Planet—Star;
The Clouds, while swift or slow they run,
All pictured in me are.
If enthroned on a cloud,
Where no mist did shroud
Some starry moonlit night,
Thou should'st gaze on me,
I would seem to thee
The world's sublimest sight!—

By the bright moon silvered—every star
Riding in a rippled watery car.

IV.

“Listen! Every sound I hear
That riseth from the earth :
All Joy—all Grief—all Hope—all Fear—
All Sadness, and all Mirth.
Not a breath but I hear—
In the earth, or the air—
Each one vibrates through me.
I will sing now a song—
How the weak by the strong
Have been crushed so long,
That shall its burthen be ;
And a doleful strain I have to sing,
For Slavery is an accursed thing!

V.

“On a far distant shore,
A woman doth implore

Men—that seem men no more—
To pity her, and spare.
Again, and yet again,
She pleadeth, but in vain ;
They are no longer men
Who scowl around her there.—
Oh ! never has song been sung by me
So mournful as this of Slavery !

VI.

“ Oh ! take me not away,
Oh ! take me not away,
But let me ever stay
In mine own sunny land !
I'm happy, happy here—
Oh ! do not rudely tear
Me from my kindred dear,
They are now a little band ;

VII.

“ ‘Men of the mighty WEST,
By the GREAT SPIRIT blessed,
Oh! grant me this request;
 He’ll bless you more and more!—
Don’t frown upon me so,
I must not—cannot—go!
You will not force me—no!
 To leave my native shore;

VIII.

“ ‘My husband skins hath piled
For me and for my child,
On you they shall be smiled—
 Each one—but I must stay.
We three are as one flower,
Fed by one sun, one shower;
Withering in an hour,
 Were either torn away.’

IX.

“Uncovered to the waist,
Tears falling on her breast,
She urgeth her request ;

Her form of perfect mould—
While falleth each dark tress
O'er sable loveliness—
An image of distress,

Bartered for Sin's base gold.
Oh ! never has song been sung by me
So mournful as this of Slavery !

X.

“Sculptured in despair,
Her arms outstretched in air,
She standeth, pleading there,
Before th' unfeeling crew—
There's no hope of relief :
To sighs, entreaties, deaf,
They rudely mock her grief,
And call it forth anew.

XI.

“ ‘ Quick ! bind her sooty arms,
And stop these mad alarms’—
No heart among them warms
 To the distracted one—
‘ Move onwards to the shore,
Send others back for more—
Would that our work were o’er,
 We’d have a splendid run !

XII.

“ ‘ Heave th’ anchors from the ground—
The wind is veering round ;
Ere the third bell doth sound,
 We must ride o’er the sea.’
Thus speaks an outlawed one,
Who fearful deeds hath done ;
May ev’ry Christian shun
 This trade of Cruelty !

XIII.

“ The red-hot iron gleams,
The struggling captive screams—
She totters—her brain swims—
 She swoons ere it is done.
Now with accursed hands,
Some fiend the woman brands,
While, coarsely gibing, stands,
 Close by, the outlawed one.
Oh ! never has song been sung by me
So mournful as this of Slavery !

XIV.

“ Still, still she heedeth not,
Nor the iron fiercely hot,
Nor his gibes that might rot,
 As they pollute, the air.
Self-interest oils the wound ;
Uplifted from the ground,
The branded victim's bound—
 She'll ne'er recover, there !

XV.

“ She’ll recover but too soon :

If ’twere a lasting swoon—

If death—Oh ! what a boon

Such to her now would be !

She’ll wake to deeper sorrow—

No joy from Hope to borrow—

But each succeeding morrow

Increase her agony !

XVI.

“ Oh ! never, never more,

She’ll see her native shore ;

A cloud hath settled o’er

Her ev’ry earthly joy ;

’Twill never pass away—

Her loved ones—where are they ?

Ah ! she can only pray

For him, and for her boy.

XVII.

“The ship now rides o’er me,
Her snowy sails are free ;
Laden with misery,
 She labours through the deep ;
Seven hundred in her hold—
Like cattle to be sold—
Oh ! if the sighs were told—
 Tears numbered—that they weep !
Oh ! never has song been sung by the Sea,
So mournful as this of Slavery !

XVIII.

“Where’er, throughout the world,
Vile Slav’ry’s flag’s unfurled,
Soon thence it will be hurled
 ’Neath Freedom’s mighty wave !
And its Death-dirge shall be,
NOW ALL THE WORLD IS FREE !

Its grave!—'tis known to me,
My deepest, darkest cave!
And then no more need I sing to thee
Of the Wrongs and Woes of Slavery!"

Here died old Ocean's voice away;
And, brightly, through the misty grey,
The infant morn upon him smiled—
As on its mother's face the child,
Awaking, casts its grateful eye,
Till gloweth hers with sympathy.
O! for the day, when across the Sea,
Shall sound the Death-dirge of Slavery!

Woman.

THERE is a charm in woman's smile,
There is a magic in her eye,
There is a language breathed forth
With each unconscious, gentle sigh.
'Tis woman—lovely woman's smile—
That renders dear the social hour;
That adds new beauty to the scene,
Already decked with many a flower.
Who could endure the toils of life,
Bear up beneath its many woes,
Without a kindred heart to feel,
And share each sorrow as it rose?
Oft hath her cheering look dispelled
The dark'ning clouds of gloomy care,

Relumed the heart whence joy had fled,
Where hope lay buried in despair !
Friends we may find, who, when the world
Looks coldly on, nor heeds our grief,
That will the helping hand extend,
And minister to our relief;
But nought can equal woman's love—
Its flame ne'er fades, but brighter glows—
Age never can its lustre dim,
But forth a glorious halo throws !
She hath a sigh for sorrow's tale,
She hath a tear for every woe,
She hath a balm for many a wound,
To soothe our journey here below !
When cast upon the shoals of time,
By rude misfortune's surly blast ;
When death's dark billows foam around,
Still, woman cheers us to the last !

Acrostic.

BENT are the spacious sails, the ensign floateth free !
Ere a few hours have passed, the good ship through the
sea

Nobly shall press o'er swelling waves, till to the sight,
Land but a speck appears, and soon is lost in night.

O may the fav'ring breeze attend her, till again
Meets watchful eyes the land, uprising from the main !

Over the dark blue wat'ry world, far, far away !

Now she is riding gallantly ; while foam and spray
Dance merrily round, as keeping a holiday !

Flowers.

FLOWERS, like friends we love,
When dearest, pass away—
They blossom but to die,
They smile but to decay.

Let us not love them less,
Though thus we're doomed to part;
But, as with friends we prize,
Still place them near the heart.

Flowers are lovely things!
And, short-lived though they be,
They ever, ever smile,
In silent, sinless glee.

I often, when a child—
Inquiring whence they came—
Was told they were from heaven ;
The answer's still the same !

For, should I ask themselves,
Their matchless beauties tell,
“ The hands that gave us birth
Are HIS who doth excel.”

Happy, happy flowers !
Nature's breast adorning,
Wherefore die at even,
When ye smile at morning ?

Sure ye know no sorrow
Bright eyes love to greet ye—
Live another morrow—
Fly not thus so fleetly !

“ We cannot, must not, stay,
Our mission here is o’er ;
We but foreshow the fate
Of all that men adore :

“ Mortal things must perish—
All that’s created die—
All ye love and cherish,
Away like us shall fly !”

Hallowe'en.

Now Autumn's reign draws near a close, and old King
Winter's band

Is marshalled in the field again, obedient to command.

First in the ranks, appears Jack Frost, that mischief-
loving sprite,

Armed to the teeth, trumpet in hand, and "eager for
the fight."

Already hath his chilling breath congealed the dewy
shower,

And sparkling gems usurp the place of leaves on bush
and bower.

The morning air, like vicious cur aroused from still
repose,

Hath gnashed its teeth in bitter rage, and from its couch
arose.

'Twill bite anon; so let's prepare fit armour for the fray—
Those late in field, experience tells, don't soonest run
away.

But to my theme. Ere Autumn bids the passing year
farewell,

His ancient feast—'tis very ancient, as traditions tell—
Again he'll hold, and bounteously will crown the
cheerful board

With smiling stores of ripened fruit—reveal the cherished
hoard

“In kist or closet safely hid to haud blythe Hallowe'en;”
And round about the glowing hearth shall many a friend
convene.

Spurn not the offer, gentle friends; why let the joys decay
Of this time-honoured festival? I hear, though far away
They be from Scotland's kindly shores, that many of her
sons

In other lands this night renew; while faithful memory
runs,

With joyous speed, to days of old, recalling to the mind
“Their ain fireside,” the friends they loved—the friends
they left behind.

Once more, in fancy’s dream, they pu’ the nuts in some
deep glen,

Or shake the ripened apples down—men ever will be
men—

And oft, they say, the big salt tear will glisten in the eye,
As cherished recollections rise, and thoughts of days
gone by.

And why should we, who nestle still within the parent
arms

Of our dear native land, omit to rank among its charms
Th’ enlivening, simple pleasures of this truly happy night?
Some say “’tis childish,” and with zeal expatiate on the
light—

The glorious light! which science now o’er all the world
hath shed,

Dispelling recreations which, they say, hath never led

To lasting good. Though some say so, the mass yet
freely owns

The social circle's magic charms. I love, on mimic
thrones,

To see the household monarchs sit—true kings are they,
indeed !

Who all their subjects' wants attend—supply their every
need.

Others, may revel round the bowl—while wonted reason
flies

With each intoxicating draught—till, drunk and sense-
less, lies

The toper down. Let all who love the mirthful, social
scene,

With joyous friends the evening pass, and “haud their
Hallowe'en !”

The Visionary.

OH ! where are all those radiant dreams
Of blissful glory gone ?
Those hopes which fired my rising soul,
Whence came they ? whither flown ?

I do remember—when a boy—
That much, and oft, I read ;
But what it was I cannot tell—
All trace of it hath fled.

Yet strange, bright dreams I know there passed
Before my spirit's sight,
When all the world seemed beautiful,
And bathed in glorious light.

I reared my head o'er little hours—

I climbed the Hill of Years,

And, gazing 'yond the Present, saw

The Future through my tears—

My tears! yes, I was often sad ;

A weak and sickly frame

Embittered every hour but that

In which those bright dreams came.

And then, what streams, what floods of joy

There bathed my burning eyes ;

And wings seemed given to my soul,

And HOPE bade it arise!

Then have I soared, in fancy, where

Proud GALLIA's hero trod—

Fame's loftiest, most exalted height—

A man—a king—a god!

He never dreamt of failing, he
Had built his throne so high—
Had laughed o'er Austria—crossed the ALPS—
And almost reached the sky!

I never dreamt of falling; I,
Methought, heard kings admire—
Saw nations worship—empires crouch—
Beheld a world on fire!

I've sat amid a mighty throng,
The chief, the favoured guest;
I've heard my name extolled in song,
And by Earth's fair ones blest,

Anon the vision passed away,
And reason, tottering, fell
Awhile into a dark deep sleep;
Again awoke—a hell!

Dull, listless days, and dreary nights,

How many have I known !

But vain the task to sum them up :

Tired Memory's almost gone.

Yet still those joy-fraught visions came

To urge me on anew ;

And fairer—lovelier than before !

They burst upon my view !

But Oh ! the miseries of the blank—

The sunless blank—they left ;

The labouring heart—the fevered brain :—

Of Strength—Joy—Hope—bereft !

I feel them parting from me now—

They're gone—my brain's on fire !—

The world's shut out !—would it were death,

And I could now expire !

The Water-Fall.

ON the grassy bank
Of a nameless stream
I lay flat along ;
The while mine ears drank
The murmuring music
Of its plaintive song.

Just above where I lay—
Beneath two willows,
Reclined on each other,
A leafy arcade—
In mimic billows
Rising, the waters played
Round some old black stones
At the back of a rock,
With low, gurgling moans ;
Ere, divided, they fell

Through the rocky drains,
In crystal chains,
With a tinkling sound—
Like the distant chiming
Of a village bell—
Into a pool ;
A round little pool,
Dark, deep, and cool ;
Where the sly little trout
Glides smoothly about,
Or, at times, with a bound—
Taking its aim well—
Bursts through a foam-bell
Above the water,
Bent upon slaughter ;
Its victim, a fly,
That has dared to pry,
With inquisitive eye,
Into the pool.

Sleep.

GREAT gift of Nature's God !
Physician without fee !
What were life's feverish toil,
Sweet Sleep, if robbed of thee ?
Oppressed with grief and care—
Bowed down with sorrow's load—
Man still finds rest in thee,
If conscience do not goad.

Bereavement plants its thorn
Deep in the doting breast ;
And weary nights it brings
Of anguish and unrest.

But Time will free the heart—
Subdue the smarting pain—
And then, Sleep—soothing Sleep,
Revisit us again !

HIS ways indeed are strange !
HIS “workings who can see?”
Were grief unchecked to reign,
How prostrate we should be !
Beneath its heavy hand,
Man like a child would fall :
But He, who wounds, can heal—
HE, the Great Cause of all !

The wearied son of toil,
Whose labour and whose skill
Shapes the unsightly ore,
And bends it at his will—
Till from his hand it goes
Symmetrical in form,

So complicate, yet plain,
Its wonders to perform—
Finds, at his labour's close,
In Sleep a generous friend;
And sighs, when morning comes,
Its fond embrace to end.

He tastes its joys, indeed—
More fully than the man
Whom Fortune's smiles attend;
Who sleeps, to dream and plan
Some mighty gold-fraught scheme
T' augment his glittering store;
Who wakes—to find himself
No richer than before!

Here let me pause, and dwell
A moment on this theme,
This hope of millionaires!
On which they fondly dream,—

By night, till comes the morn—
And then they dream by day—
Dream ! yes, 'tis all a dream !
Do such men ever pray ?

Is there a corner left
In the dross-poisoned heart
From whence a prayer can rise,
Its solace to impart ?
And yet sleep visits them,
Oft yields them sweet repose :
'Tis generous, loving, kind—
Man, beast, and flower it knows.

Go to the widowed ones ;
This night, I pray thee, go—
Fall gently on their eyes—
And ease them of their woe.
Go to the pain-distraught ;
This night, I pray thee, go ;

Go to the joy-forgot,
And ease them of their woe.
O'er every friend of mine,
Thy magic mantle fling—
Go, sweet restorer, go,
With Peace upon thy wing!

Summer.

MORNING.

WITH splendour adorning
The gay summer morning,
I've seen the bright sun when to full glory forming ;
While the life-breathing shower,
Of the dew on the flower,
Had with brilliants enriched every beauty-clad bower.

EVENING.

With mild lustre beaming,
The darkness redeeming,
I've seen the pale moon 'mid the firmament swimming ;
While the golden stars shone,
From their bright azure throne,
Till afar o'er the earth a rich halo was thrown.

Lovers' Vows.

How false, alas ! some lovers' vows,
 Made only to be broken !
Tho' coupled oft with "Friendship's Gift,"
 Or "Kind Affection's Token."

Awhile such tiny streams of love
 Flow smoothly on together ;
But, 'neath some brilliant sun's display,
 Are soon dried up for ever.

Attraction, in a thousand forms,
 Her art industrious plies :
With skill directs man's luring tongue,
 And lovelier woman's eyes.

New forms, new faces, meet the sight,
And varied charms disclosing,
Lure the frail dreamers from the arms
In which they lay reposing.

New vows are then devoutly breathed—
Which never can be broken ;
New gifts are sent, while each one bears,
The name of, "True Love's Token."

No power on earth can tempt them now
From this sweet spot to wander ;
On future joys, and hours of bliss,
Their hearts intensely ponder.

But, vain resolve ! just as before,
The changelings will be ever ;
And this illusion, like the last,
Hath fled—no one knows whither.

Thus they hop on, like new-fledged birds,
From one tree to another ;
And, having found no resting-place,
Fly back to seek—their mother !

Realities.

I.

MUST all that's lovely fade?—the fairest pass away?
All wither, droop, and die? all sink into decay?
Man and his handiwork alike shall share this fate—
That hovel and its poor—yon palace and its great!
The proud, contagion fearing from the lowly's touch,
Pale at the thought, that ev'n their dust should mix with
such.

But Death knows no distinctions: Titles, Wealth, and
Power,

Subservient bow before him. Death parleys not; the
hour—

The fated hour—arrived, 'tis vain to beg delay;
And nations quail at his approach, and kings obey.
The flowers that bloom at morn oft die ere eventide;
The friends we dearly prize are severed from our side;

Like bubbles on a stream, they glitter as they pass,
Smiling for a moment ere mingled with the mass :
Thus all we fondly love shall sink 'neath Time's rude
 wave,
And those who mourn their loss claim kindred with the
 grave.

Realities.

II.

STEP gently, sister, for he sleepeth now :
The icy drops, for ever on his brow,
Awhile have disappeared. How calm he seems,
How free from pain, and from those hideous dreams
That shake, he says, at times, his very soul !
May Sleep, the unseen physician, hold control,
Till, from his golden urn, new strength he pours
In that weak frame. Oh! I have watched for hours,
My sister, while he slept ; and I have seen
That breast, on which I used so oft to lean,
Labouring and heaving like the troubled sea !
And read on that pale face such agony !
That, sister, but for this poor sleeping child,
Which, nestling in my arms, looked up and smiled,

Distraction would have seized me—reason fled !
But he is better now ; and, by this bed,
Let us, in silent prayer, our thanks to Heaven—
To God—pour forth, for what His hand hath given.

.
A month passed on—a month of tender care—
A month of supplication and of prayer ;
And at its close, that watchful, doting wife,
Led from his chamber forth her—more than life,
Her heart's first love, the father of her child.
I stopped them as they passed, she gaily smiled,
And bade me mark the favourable change.
And, while she spoke, her thoughts me seemed to range
Through the bright future, and its promised joy—
Her life and light, her husband and her boy—
Her soul buoyed up to pleasure's darling height,
As if the new-risen day could know no night !

Alas ! we're born to blighted hopes and cares,
And none may call the unseen future theirs.

One week, one little week, and that fond wife
Was childless, husbandless, alone ! her life
A burden ; she, a prey to tearless grief.
Both priceless jewels, like some midnight thief,
A fatal malady away had stole ;
And, yet, she wept not ; though into her soul
The rankling arrow of despair had flown,
No ear, save Heaven's, e'er heard the widow's moan !

Realities.

III.

So soon to feel the truth of what I told !
So soon the lifeless body to behold
Of one much loved, much honoured, and esteem'd !
Of one whose years hung lightly, and who seem'd
Th' acknowledged owner of long years to come.
'Tis ever thus ; we dream on till the hum
Of this great world is dying in our ears—
Then start !—awake !—expire ! Why do our fears—
If fears we have—not give their warnings breath,
And wake us from our sleep, our dreams of death ?
Alas ! 'tis we that will not hear. They speak
With trumpet tongues ; but we—still louder—seek
To drown the dread alarm ! “ Whence came that voice !
“ Who talks of death ? On with the dance, rejoice !

“ Rejoice ! our hearts are light—our years are young !—

“ Away with sadness—let its knell be rung !

“ Begone dull melancholy ! thou art here

“ No welcome guest.—Strange thing ! that men should
fear,

“ And tremble thus, when all around is bright,

“ When no dark clouds presage approaching night.”

Thus we despise the warning voice of death,

And in frail things that *seem* place all our faith.

Fain would I speak of grief that to my own

Sad lot hath fallen—to the world make known

The abject poverty of every hope.

How that my soul grew faint, unfit to cope

With th’ “ unnumber’d ills to which frail flesh is
heir ;”

But that I know the withering hand of care,

Sooner or later, will its impress leave

On every brow ; and wherefore should I weave

A parti-coloured tale of grief and joy,
To shock men's ears anew, or mix alloy
With present bliss? Would it be welcomed? No!
All who have drained the bitter cup of woe
Would deem their sorrows heavier far than mine;
And those who have not—cavil at some faulty line!

The Poor Man's Death-Bed.

I COULD have pardoned all but this—

This heartless, cold neglect ;

But all my hopes of friendship's bliss

This cruel slight hath wrecked.

All gone ! No solitary one

To breathe with me a prayer—

No human ear—alas ! not one,

Life's parting sigh to hear.

Dying deserted—no ! not quite,

Thou hast not left me yet :

Man hath proved false ; but thou, poor Bright,

Thou hast not learned “forget.”

Poor fellow ! kindly I've caressed,
And fed thee, it is true ;
Yet oft, when passion swelled my breast,
Hath it been poured on you.

Strange ! that a dog—a soulless thing—
Which bore my scowl and kick,
Should so devoted to me cling,
And thus my shrunk hand lick.

Come nearer, Bright ; is't sympathy
That bids thee linger here,
To listen to my parting sigh—
To watch my lonely bier—

To howl upon my nameless grave,
A living monument
Of one who all to friendship gave,
Yet all unfriended went ?

Or grief, because it seemeth plain,
That thou, when I am gone,
May'st beg for bread, and beg in vain—
Receiving but a stone?

To thee some brother dog may grant
What man doth me deny:
Attend to each half-uttered want,
And list thy dying cry.

Farewell! I have no friend but thee;
All! all have me forgot;
Humanity proves false to me—
Mine is a bitter lot!

Oh! how I wish they had not been
What they have proved to me;
And, dying, wish their closing scene
Happier than mine may be!

Earth's sun hath set—to rise again,
But never upon me,
For ere another morning dawns,
Released! I shall be free!

I can but pray—life ebbeth fast,
Gloom settles all around;
'Tis almost o'er: is this the last—
This darkness most profound?

Well, be it so—if be it must;—
How loath they are to part—
This body and the struggling soul,
Bursting the feeble heart!

.

Light! light again!—oh joyful sight!
My pathway yonder lies—
Upward, through realms of glorious light—
How swift from earth I rise!

Friendship.

FRIENDS are, indeed, inestimable gifts,
And worthy of our dearest love, our constant care :
Life, wanting them, a barren, flowerless waste ;
Yielding no smiles in joy, no tears in grief ;
From those, nor tyrant's threats, nor miser's gold,
Nor aught but sympathy can gain—*true* friends !—
Man's little, narrow self his only care.
Oh ! bind them strongly with the cords of love !
Forgive each hasty word, forget the faults
Which they, ingenuous, seek not to conceal :
For frailty's common to us all, and we
Shall, in our turn, sue for sweet charity !

Consumption.

FADING away,
Fading away,
Slowly but surely,
Worketh decay.

A rose in June,
Blossomed too soon—
Drooping and dying—
Death were a boon.

Friends! O how few
Prove to her true!—
Death do not tarry,
She sighs for you.

Weary, weary,
Dreary, dreary,
The hours pass away—
Still He's near thee.

Poor—fatherless—
Weak—motherless—
Joy in believing,
Lord, give her this!

Ever, ever,
Comfort-giver,
Till her earth-eye close,
Be thou with her.

Beyond the sky,
The keener eye,
Of the soul escaped,
Will then descry

A path of light
To glory,—bright
Spirits in waiting,
Robed in pure white :

Praising the Lord,
With one accord,
Who the trembling soul
Will help afford.

Fear not, maiden,
He hath said in
His Holy Word, "Come
Heavy laden,

"Come unto me—
My grace is free—
I will give thee rest—
O come and see!"

Yes, that frail bloom
Speaks of the tomb,
But thou shalt never
Know of its gloom.

Dust unto dust,
Dust unto dust,
The purest's impure—
Life-pride—eye-lust.

But thou art free!
HE died for thee,
And heaven shall be thine—
Eternally!

Farewell! to meet,
In converse sweet,
Near the great white throne—
At Jesus' feet.

Fading away,
Fading away—
Like a morning star
Into bright day!

The Reveller's Wife.

“OH! a weary thing it is
On a sleepless bed to lie;
And a dreadful thing it must be
On a desolate bed to die!
But I would rather die—
Low in the cold earth lie—
Than listen all night,
Till the morning's light,
To the tell-tale voice of Time—
‘Eleven!’

“Oh! a weary thing it is
On a sleepless bed to lie,
Never to gain a moment's rest
To the scalded, throbbing eye.

He never comes till morn—

I wretched, and forlorn—

‘Twelve!’

“Oh! a weary thing it is

On a sleepless bed to lie,

Hearing the sound, that mocketh me,

Of each foot that is passing by.

Oh! what blood-chilling things!

Feverish fancy brings!

‘One!’

“Oh! a weary thing it is

On a sleepless bed to lie,

Brooding o’er doubts of plighted faith,

And draining Hope’s fountain dry—

Another in his arms!

He revelling in her charms!—

‘Two!’

“Oh! a weary thing it is
On a sleepless bed to lie,
In lone unwidowed widowhood—
Counting the moments as they fly :
Struggling in an ocean
Of dreadful emotion—
‘Three!’

“Oh! a weary thing it is
On a sleepless bed to lie—
Death were a boon!—that step! ’tis he!
Stagg’ring like feeble infancy.
Oh! I would rather die—
Low in the cold earth lie—
Than listen all night,
Till the morning’s light,
To the tell-tale voice of Time—
‘Four!’”

Lines to a Snowdrop.

EMBLEM of purity !

Type of futurity !

Herald of coming Spring—hail to thee ! hail !

Oft when a merry boy,

Gladness, and mirth, and joy,

Thou said'st were coming—how true was thy tale !

No griefs to oppress me—

Kind friends to caress me—

Blest was my childhood—how bright was its dream !

But cares now surround me—

Unnumbered ills wound me ;

Cloudy the future—dark, dark it doth seem.

O! that those happy days,
 On which I love to gaze—
 Tho' they are fled, save to memory's view—
 Would but return again;
 For 'neath their sunny reign
 Joys were abundant, and sorrows were few!

Vain is the hope, alas!
 Only in mem'ry's glass
 Can I behold you, loved scenes of the past!
 Yet oblivion's pall
 O'er you never shall fall,
 As this hour views you ev'n so shall my last!

The Wreck.

(A VOICE FROM THE SEA.)

THE spirit-winds are bringing
Strange music from the sea,
As if the waves were singing
Some good ship's elegy.
How plaintive is the melody
Those viewless couriers bear!
Floating through the mist and gloom—
O'er the hapless sailors' tomb—
Listen, let us hear.

“At the break of day, there lay
On the blue water's breast—
Like a bird from land away,
With tired wing, sunk to rest—

A ship, whose ample, snowy sails
All idly flapping hung,
Waiting for the lagging breeze,
That, on shore among the trees,
Playful roved and sung.

“When, ‘Rude Boreas,’ shouting loud,
Piped it away to sea,
‘Yon ship! go, whistle in every shroud—
Obey! thou knowest me!’
Sullenly growling, it blew—
Called up a thunder-storm—
And out to the ship both flew,
With a loud and wild halloo!
Vowing to do harm.

“Five hundred noble-hearted
On that ship’s deck did stand—
Five hundred who’d have parted
With life for ‘Native Land.’

Proud was each hardy sailor,
And high each stout heart beat,
For their ship was no trailer
In the track—none might rail her;
Still the first of the fleet!

“But they did not like the land
Still looming o’er the sea;
That the breeze would bear a hand,
Each praying fervently.
They were out to fight the French,
And they wished to be the first
Who should meet the hated foe:—
Still the sails swung to and fro,
So the calm, they curst!

“Oh! that men should thus forget
That they may not command,
But submissively await
The workings of His hand.

Scarce had murmuring begun,
When dark the heavens grew,
And a gloom, like midnight, spread
For miles round the vessel's bed,
And o'er her bold crew.

"The breeze, still gathering strength,
Reached the ship—a wild gale,
And its fury poured, at length,
On each mast—in each sail.
It lashed me until I foamed—
Mad-like, it made me bound
With the good ship on my breast,
Which but lately there did rest,
Till they cried, 'One drowned!'

"Then, a moment slept its wrath;
It let forth not a breath;
But I knew that in its path—
Just behind—there lurked death.

With a blast that shook the heav'ns
It burst o'er me again—
The vivid lightning flying!
The thunder quick replying!—
Hail fell thick as rain!

“Over the side went each mast,
Rigging, and sails, and spars—
Away they went, while, aghast!
Looked on the stricken tars.
The men at the helm struck dead,
None went to fill their place—
Though conscious of rocks a-head,
Powerless, stood those living dead—
Horror in each face!

“She struck!—bounded off again!—
That cry which clove the air!—
Five hundred death-doomed men
Breathing their souls' despair!

Again ! and again she struck !

The keel snapped like a reed :

Severing at mid-ships then,

Down—down came those living men—

The blue shark to feed !

“This was the work of an hour—

Such hours are dreadful to me—

When the storm-wind comes in power,

I writhe in agony !

I toss ships up and around,

Like playthings on my breast ;

And seldom repose have found

Until one, or all, were drowned—

I rest, with their rest !”

Knowledge.

Up! up, my fellow men!

Ignorance is ruin!

The weeds grow rank and thick—

Up! up and be doing!

No! grant no more delay—

Pluck them up by the roots!

Cast the vile things away!

Sow good seed—reap rich fruits.

The soil is not barren

Where so many weeds grow:

Tho' the surface be coarse,

There is rich earth below.

What's Ignorance?—A crime!

What's Prejudice?—A curse!

What's Bigotry?—The same!

And WAR?—'Tis something worse!

What's Knowledge?—It is Power!—

Nerves the arm! clears the brain!

Disliking much those Four—

Disliking not in vain.

If knowledge then, be power,

Seek—find it—and be strong!

Why tarry ye an hour?

Move along! move along!

See! the clouds, how they flee!

From the South! from the North!

From the East! from the West!

Freedom's voice hath gone forth.

Freedom from dark error,
Too long we've worn his chain :
But it is growing weak—
'Twill ne'er grow strong again !

Up ! up, my fellow men !
Ignorance is ruin !
The weeds grow rank and thick—
Up ! up and be doing !

Loch an Eilan.

SWEET Loch an Eilan ! on whose lovely breast
The eye with admiration loves to rest ;
Watching the gambols of the finny race,
That on thy bosom leave their playful trace :
The only ruffling of thy calm repose,
When winds are hushed and day draws near a close.
When the tired sun sinks from the azure dome,
And slowly travels to his western home ;
Tinging thy waters with the ruddy gleams
That issue from his mellowed, setting beams.
Meanwhile, the towering pines that gird thee round—
Like ancient warriors guarding sacred ground—
Have cast their shadows o'er thy tranquil face,
Where, calmly mirrored, bough and branch we trace.

Few of those stately guardians of thy flood,
Though many years the wintry rage they've stood,
Show marks of age ; by autumn bared awhile,
Again they bud—again in beauty smile !
Not so yon melancholy castle's walls,
Once—in the days of yore—proud Comyn's halls ;
They crumble fast beneath the ruthless hand
Of iron Time, and his destroying band
Of storms and tempests ; that with deadly aim,
Hurl to the dust those structures which doth claim
The hand of man as that which gave them birth,
And proudly raised them, towering, 'bove the
earth !

The Eagle only hath a dwelling found
Amid these ruins grey ; of man no sound
Is heard, no trace is seen, as slow decays
This mouldering monument of other days.
Still there's a time when this old, crumbling pile
Adds beauty to the scene, and chains awhile

The eyes of those who love to wander forth,
When the pale moon sheds o'er the silent earth
Her silv'ry light—oft the young lover's guide
To some sequestered spot, where, side by side,
The warm, impassioned loves of glowing youth
Are fondly pledged, and sealed with vows of truth!
Loved Loch an Eilan! where, with mighty hand,
The Enchantress, Nature, waves her magic wand!
Robing in beauty hill, and tree, and bower—
At Morn—at Noon—at Eve, and Midnight hour!
While gazing on thy charms, who could but feel
A wish that destiny a bond would seal,
Through life uniting him to such a spot—
Tho' poor his station, and his home a cot!

Night.

THE clouds' dark shadows creep along the hills;
Night's quiet unbroken, save by whispering rills
That wend unwearied down the rocky steep,
Strangers to slumber, all unknown to sleep.
The lake's calm bosom sparkles with the light
Of countless stars, that gem the brow of Night;
And the pale moon sits throned in solemn majesty,
Shedding o'er all beneath a mild transparency!

Awake, my muse! enfold me in thine arms!
Inspire my soul to sing of Nature's charms!
What theme so fitting for a child of earth
To sing as lovely Night! Night's wondrous birth

Of moon and stars, and filmy clouds that float
Across the blue expanse! not in dull rote,
As if for one bright goal they travelled o'er the sky—
Unhelmed they sail, in chaste irregularity!

I've gazed in transport on the sleeping sea,
When Sol arose to glad the world and me!
I've seen the broad blue waters bathed in light,
Far as th' unsated eye could pierce! but Night—
Calm, silent Night—hath richer charms for me
Than the bright Morning and its sunlit sea!
Night doth Reflection bring—earth's cares depart a while;
And Intellect's bright flowers unfold their leaves and smile!

Stanzas

TO THE MEMORY OF GRACE DARLING.

MOURN, Britons, mourn your Darling's loss!

Shed each the silent tear;

Weep, every grateful, feeling heart

That holds her memory dear.

The mandate came—"Life must resign,

The soul and body part!"

Obedient, Death his arrow sped,

And pierced the heroine's heart.

Weep all, alas! some cannot weep:

To some the boon's denied

Of easing their grief-laden breasts

With sorrow's welcome tide.

Yet many in their hearts shall weep
For thee, thou peerless one !
And breathe a tribute to thy worth,
While years successive run.

The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar,
The heaving, troubled sea,
Awoke no terror in thy heart,
No danger held for thee.

The thought of self had winged its flight
Far from thy maiden breast :
Humanity had whispered thee,
"Thou on thy God may'st rest."

Then forth upon the wat'ry world,
'Mid clouds of foam and spray—
Like guardian spirit of the flood—
Thou took'st thy fearless way.

Methinks I hear the dismal cries
That burst upon thine ear!
In fancy's view, methinks I see
The shattered wreck appear ;

A drowning mother holds her child
Above the death-fraught wave—
She clasps it to her icy breast—
Oh ! vain attempt to save !

A billow bears upon its breast
The spar to which she clung !
Her hope—her only hope—is fled !
The prayer is on her tongue—

A prayer, that through her Saviour's blood
Her sins may be forgiven :—
A prayer that with her guiltless child
She yet may meet in heaven.

But hark that shriek, "Save, save my child!"

What mean's the piercing cry?

Hath wild delirium seized her brain,

Or is there succour nigh?

There is! I see, amid the gloom,

A human form appear—

Can it be human? who hath dared

To brave the tumult here?

"Fear not!" proclaims a kindly voice—

It warms the mother's heart!—

"A moment, and thy child is safe,

I would not have thee part!"

The boat hath reached these helpless ones!

A hand's outstretched to save;

It robs the billows of their prey—

The ocean's not their grave!

Thine was that hand, fair Darling! thine,
That wide outstretched arm
Which robbed the dark waves of their spoil—
Dispelled death's dire alarm.

Thy fame, undying, shall descend
To many a future age;
Thy name shall find a glorious place
In history's varied page.

The gory sword, the blood-dyed field,
For some have gained renown;
Humanity, and feeling, wreathed
The laurels of thy crown!

And while from Longstone's rock-girt tower
Gleams forth the cheering ray,
The memory of thy generous deed
Shall never know decay.

Amid the elemental war,
In dark and dreary night,
Oh! may thy spirit hover round
That sea-beat beacon-light!

To an Absent Friend.

THOU hast left thy home, thy Scotland !

Left her rocks and heather hills ;

Bade adieu to glen and wild wood,

Grassy knowes, and crystal rills.

Thou hast left the friends that loved thee,

And the friends thou lov'dst so well ;

Ah ! how sad thy heart at parting !

Grieved to bid them all farewell.

Tears, like dew drops on the lily,

Fell in showers upon thy cheek :

Sighs had utt'rance, when thy feelings

Could not all their sorrow speak.

Youthful joys are soon o'erclouded,
Soon with shadows overcast;
Time, relentless, "Change!" proclaimeth,
"I will change all to the last!"

While on earth, O may thy future
Be still happier than thy past;
And may He, whose hand is mighty,
Shield thee from each bitter blast!

Safely through the deep blue waters
May he guide thy bark and thee:
'Mid life's storms be thy protector,
And thy pilot o'er its sea!

Deceit.

ALAS! that Deceit should e'er dwell
'Neath a smile so angelic as thine;
That around thy sweet tongue—all unseen—
Such a venomous reptile should twine!

Thy lips are as soft still, and bright,
As they were when I loved thee so well;
Yet, loathing, I turn me away,
For within lurks a spirit of hell.

I trust that the power of thine eyes
May near draw me towards thee again:
The poison which thine would impart,
My own lips might incline to retain.

And yet, when I knew thou wert false,
How my heart with stern Reason did plead !
Till the Truth, with voice piercing and cold,
Caused it, sickening, to quiver and bleed.

It cost me a pang to refrain
From the fruit I had relished so long ;
Yet, strengthened, I conquered myself,
And I tender my thanks in my song.

The Song of the Forsaken.

WELL, wed thee with another love !

And let her bear thy name—

Say, marriages are made in heaven—

Say, thou art not to blame.

Say, thou didst never give me cause

To think thy heart was mine :

That as a brother thou didst love—

No other feeling thine.

Breathe honeyed whispers in her ear,

The while her head doth rest,

Confidingly, and lovingly—

As mine hath—on thy breast.

And with thine arms around her thrown,
Thine eyes fixed on her face—
The mirror of the soul within—
Seek there her thoughts to trace.

To thy bosom press her—closer—
And while, beneath thy glance,
Her eyelids droop, kiss her warm lips,
Till she, in love's sweet trance,

All fearless sinks ; revealing, thus,
Her wish to rest—sweet rest !—
For ever there, for ever so
To be by thee caressed !

Forget me, then—forget how oft
My head, like hers, hath lain
Upon thy breast, while thou didst vow
We'd never part again !

Forget me, then ; and—if thou canst
Be happy—happy be ;
But deal more faithfully by her
Than thou has dealt by me.

If ever—in some thoughtful hour
Of outward solitude—
When o'er th' events of former days,
Repenting thou dost brood—

My memory with a frown should rise,
Fear not ! my lips are sealed :
From henceforth to my dying day
Nothing shall be revealed !

And I forgive thee—all forgive !
Can I forget ? oh ! never !
I, willow-like, o'er blasted hopes
Must bend, and sigh, and wither !

Past and Present.

CHILD of a tropic clime,
Hath the huge hand of time
Shrouded in darkness thy childhood's loved home?
Hath memory no trace
Of thy sunny birth-place?
Loves it not still o'er old ocean to roam—

Back to that happy land,
Robed still in beauty grand,
Where thy young footsteps delighted to stray?
“Ah, yes!” thou wilt falter,
“Time cannot me alter,
Oft to fair India my thoughts find their way.

“Far in some shady grove,
There I, in fancy, rove :
Sweet are the notes of the feathery throng ;
And their plumes seem as bright,
As they were to my sight,
When I heard them first warbling their song.

“Ah ! childhood has pleasures,
And rich are its treasures,
But soon they depart—care cometh with years.”
Dear maiden, believe me,
Whatever may grieve thee,
I'll joy with thy joy, and weep with thy tears.

My heart is thine only ;
This bosom once lonely,
Boasts now of a friend—O blest be the hour !
When first they sweet smiling,
Affection beguiling,
Fell on my soul—'twas a magical shower !

To a Child Asleep.

THERE are no furrows on thy brow,

No wrinkles on thy cheek ;

All passionless, serenely thou

Reposest—blessed sleep !

Ambition thou hast never known,

Nor pride of power or place—

Thy mother's knee thy thornless throne ;

Thy wealth smiles on her face.

Thou hast a smile for every smile

Warm hearts vouchsafe to thee,

But thou art happiest far the while

Thou'rt seated on her knee.

Here is thy world ! here in this room—

None other dost thou seek :

What joy thou know'st when she doth bend

To kiss thy little cheek !—

She, too, had once a mother dear,

Who thus did her embrace ;

Whom oft she fancieth standing near,

And gazing on thy face—

Then, tears of sainted recollection,

Dew-droops oozing from her soul,

Long-prisoned pearls of pure affection,

Falling, down thy round cheeks roll ;

Reach thy sweet mouth, a moment linger,

Ere, into its little well

They drop around the tiny finger

Hanging on its coral shell.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet innocent !

Thou'lt never sleep more sound,

Never taste more sweet enjoyment—

Know rest more calm—profound !

Oh, where, where is thy spirit now—

Thou lovely dreamer, where ?

Peace radiates on thy spotless brow,

Far distant gloomy care ;

And conscious innocence reveals

It's treasure in the smile

That playeth round thy mouth, and steals

My sympathies the while.

Thy soul roams not through future years,

Nor, with prophetic eye,

Life's lights and shades, life's hopes and fears,

Essayeth to descry—

Ah! no, that sweet angelic smile
Tells of unbroken joy—
The sleeper's face doth wear no guile—
Thou'rt with thy mother, boy!

To the Lily.

THERE bloomed not in Eden's most exquisite bowers
A fairer than thou art, thou fairest of flowers !
Nor floats there such perfume through sweet Araby
As that which thou yieldest, pale lily, to me.

When first thou unfoldest thy leaves to the light,
Arrayed like the snow in the purest of white,
Thou'rt the emblem of maiden unspotted by guile—
Ere yet from her eye hath departed the smile—

Ere the ANGEL OF PEACE from her bosom hath flown,
Unsullied by sin, and to sorrow unknown ;
While yet her first smiles are bestowed on the skies,
And the first of her accents in gratitude rise.

Pale lily, I love thee! have loved thee for long,
And fain now would weave all my love into song:
But it may not be told, so I cannot impart
To others the joy thou hast yielded my heart.

The Indemnity.

(WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE INDIAN WAR.)

A MILLION and a-Half !

Hear this, ye widowed ones ;
Tell this, ye poor mothers,
To daughters and to sons.

A Million and a-Half !

Is worth a nation's tears !
The very thought will cheer
Friendless, declining years.

Britain, thou'rt victorious !

Thou must, thou shalt be so ;
Spill oceans yet of blood—
But conquer thou the foe !

All men are doom'd to die—
To death some day must yield—
What boots it where it be,
On bed or battle-field !

And 'tis a glorious thing,
To rush at honour's call
Against the insulting foe,
And, "nobly fighting, fall !"

While millions starve at home—
Free but to grumble there—
Soldiers are clothed and fed,
And victory's glory share.

On those whom murderous ball,
Or gleaming blade lays low,
In hideous, gory death,
Great honours we bestow !

If but disabled—maimed—

A pension grant will we,

For life—mark that, for life—

Is their fate misery?

No! while on crutch he hops

Along the crowded way,

The bustling ones will stop,

And, lauding, thus they'll say,—

“Poor fellow! pity 'tis

He's sliced and shattered so,

But what were we without

Such men to fight the foe?

“There must and will be war,

As long the world's a world,

And Britain's glorious flag

Must ever be unfurled:

“Defiance on its front,
To all who doubt her right—
We cannot yield an inch—
In her cause some must fight.”

Rejoice ! then—helpless ones—
Ye who fast-dying hope
Are hugging to your hearts,
While in fancy ye grope

Through the warm mangled dead,
In search of some dear friend—
A Husband—Brother—Son—
Whom life may still attend.

Rejoice ! if they're alive,
Their pension shall be sure ;
If gallantly they've fallen,
God careth for the poor.

And Britain will exact,
Full value from the foe—
For the slaughter of the slain—
Is it not always so ?

A Million and a-Half !
Hear this, ye widowed ones ;
Tell this, ye poor mothers,
To daughters and to sons !

Lines

SUGGESTED BY A SPRIG OF HEATHER PRESENTED BY A FRIEND.

I'M away ! away to the mountain now !
The morning breeze playeth around my brow—
Bright skies are above, bright waters beneath,
And I tread once more my native heath !

How rich is the bloom of the heather bell ;
And the sweet wild flowers I love so well !
How gaily they smile, as it were, on me,
And caress each other in child-like glee !
Now they'll dance, for the wind begins to sing
A well-known strain ; see, they madly fling
Their little arms out, now bend, now rise,
And would bend again, but, ah ! it flies—

The change-loving wind—away to the sea,
And cruelly ends their jollity.

Lo! what a glorious flood of light
Is rolling o'er old Benlomond's height!
'Tis the morning sun's first radiant beam;
It hath crossed the loch, now gilds the stream
In the glen below; 'twill be here anon.
There! 'tis over the cairn, and each old stone
Shooteth forth bright rays—as if diamonds rare
Had been suddenly placed by magic there.
It comes! I am caught in its warm embrace!—
It mounts! now its glory bathes my face!—
'Tis over my head with a giant stride,
Enriching my own, my much loved Clyde!

On, on, bright orb! in thy gallant career,
Unknown, unequalled, thou hast no peer!

And well might the Heathen reverence thee,
Thou glorious type of Deity !
'Tis far away, "over mountain and moor,"
Gladdening the hearts of rich and poor--
May they bless the hand that sends it forth
On its way to cheer the sons of earth !

Sonnet—Chalmers.

CHALMERS! the world—thy country—weeps for thee;
For such thy fame, it crossed the farthest sea!
Not European only! earth's remotest shore
It reached, and there thy precious teachings bore.
Great teachings these! thou mad'st them doubly so:—
Enhanced the precept by examples show!
While, love's warm influence breathing, each let fall,
Love—universal—unconfined—to all!
In thy last sleep, how pale and passionless!
Death had been kind: so said the bland impress
Thy features bore—how pleasantly the soul
Must have adventured forth tow'rds its bright goal!
How gracious His decree, who willed it should be so,
Who said, 'tis I, my servant! forth, and with me go!

Summer Morning.

AN INVITATION.

UP ! at the dewy dawn,
Up ! at the early morn,
When liquid lustres bend the leaves—
The grass—the braided corn.

Up ! when the glorious sun
Begins his bright career ;
When hill, and tree, bush, field, and flower,
All bathed in gold appear.

Up ! while the lark yet sings
His grateful morning hymn,
Soaring away above his nest,
Till the weary eye grows dim,

Striving to keep in view

The bird whose tiny wing

Bears it away, away, away !

Through the air swift journeying.

While rising, it inhales

Song from the ambient air,

To pour in list'ning ears beneath—

To drown each heart's dull care.

On drowsy pillow, why

Regret that Time is flying !

If not to labour, up to think—

Better far than sighing.

With light, elastic step,

Cheerful, o'er road and field,

Take thou thy way ; and, smiling, soon

Fair Health her charms shall yield.

The morning breeze will chase
The shadows from thy face ;
The warm blood through thy veins shall run
A swift and joyous race :—

Reanimated—freed—

Thy mind regain full sway ;
Once more proud Reason take the helm,
And guide thee all the day.

Such scenes as these, indeed,
Make glad the heart of man ;
And elevate his soul to praise
The Architect—the plan !

Up! then, at dewy dawn—
Up! at the early morn—
When liquid lustres bend the leaves—
The grass—the braided corn !

The Painter's Chief Study.

(SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING OF A FEMALE HEAD.)

BENEATH a forehead, high, and pure, and white ;
Sweetly o'er-arched, dwell eyes of living light :
Which to the painter's kindred orbs have told
What language failed—still faileth—to unfold,
Her love ! upon her downy cheeks repose
Breathings, as 'twere, of colour from a rose—
One, once I saw, that on twin lilies smiled—
Or from a mother, bending o'er her child.

A rich, inviting pulp, just cleft in twain ;
Moist with delicious juice—who could refrain--
Her lips portray ; which, ever as they ope,
To light restore those prisoners of hope,

Her snowy teeth ; and from each temple fair
A drapery hangs of dark and glossy hair :
Rich tresses, that, while shading loveliness,
Throw out in chaste relief each winning grace !

The Mariners.

I LOVE the gallant mariners, that travel o'er the deep,
'Mid storm, in breeze, or hurricane, through ocean's waves
they sweep.

Though lightnings glare around him, and heaven's wild
thunders roll,

Unshrinking stands the mariner—undaunted is his soul!

No dangers pale his manly cheek, or dim his watchful
eye;

No tremblings seize upon his heart while wars the angry
sky :

But 'midst the jarring elements, sails fearlessly and
brave—

The boast of proud Britannia—the warrior of the wave!

No calm, unbroken slumberings—sweet, undisturbed
repose—

Await the gale-tossed traveller at day's returning close :
Though darkness veils the silent earth, and shrouds the
vasty deep,

Even then the hardy mariner his careful watch must
keep :

But, even then, his buoyant heart is full of mirth and glee,
As, pacing round the dusky deck, he whistles to the sea ;
Or tells of battles lost or won, to cheer his listening
mates—

Their bright eyes glowing brilliantly as o'er them he
dilates.

And though no flowers of language deck, true eloquence
adorns

Those tales of strife on ocean's fields—where sound no
trumpet horns—

Where no strains of martial music stir on the gallant
band :

Nought fires them but their battle-flag, and thoughts of
native land !

Anon relieved, the pendent cot receives his brawny
form,

Then dreams he oft of foreign lands, of danger and of
storm ;

Of childhood's home, youth's happy days, and scenes of
early joy,

When first embarked, he roved the seas, a merry sailor
boy !

.

Bound homeward by the favouring gale, his heart beats
wild and free,

As perched upon the towering mast, and gazing o'er
the sea,

He marks the cliffs of Albion rise proudly to his view :
A scene that oft, in distant climes, unfading memory
drew.

Elate with joy, he gains the deck, while swift the ship
glides o'er

The fast receding, crested waves, and nears his native
shore ;

Love-beaming eyes and rosy lips, already meet his sight—
The ardent kiss, affection's boon, in fancy breathes
delight—

Home ! happy home ! with all its joys, at last the wan-
derer gains—

Imagination's dreams are fled—reality now reigns !

The welcome smile—the glowing kiss—reward the gal-
lant tar :—

From perils free, no adverse gales his voyage of pleasure
mar.

Then cheerly pledge the mariners that travel o'er the
deep,

'Mid storm, in breeze, or hurricane, through ocean's
waves they sweep.—

Though lightnings glare around him, and heaven's wild
thunders roll,

Unshrinking stands the mariner—undaunted is his soul!

Remember Me.

REMEMBER me ! 'tis all I ask,
Deny me not the boon ;
'Twill chase the clouds of thought away—
My heart to parting tune.

Remember me ! when distant far
From Scotland's kindly shore ;
When friends I proved, and scenes I loved,
Shall greet my sight no more.

Remember me ! amidst your joys,
When each fond heart beats high,
Breathe but a wish that I were there,
And seal it with a sigh.

Remember me ! O grant a place,

A little, sunny spot

In Memory's garden : plant me there

A fond "Forget-me-not !"

Write for the People.

WRITE for the people!

Ye weavers of song,
They've been neglected
Too long—yes! too long!

Write for the people!

For Mind is dawning
Amongst them at last—
Less crouching—fawning.

Write for the people!

They will not bow down
To the earth as before,
Afraid of a frown.

Write for the people !
The hour is at hand
When mind—not Matter—
Shall honour command.

Write for the people !
They have eyes and ears ;
They are not dull clods
Without hopes or fears.

Write for the people !
Choose wisely your theme—
For they'll weigh it well—
They no longer dream.

Write for the people !
They are on their guard,
So beware of Cant—
Or take its reward.

Write for the people !
Write for the many ;
Write boldly—heed not
The frown of any.

Write for the people !
Be honest—fearless !
With hearts in the work,
Not slumbering—careless.

Write for the people !
Openly—kindly :
Many—how many,
Write harshly—blindly !

Write for the people !
The wealth of nature
Display before them—
In every feature.

Write for the people !

And write in earnest :

Tell them that virtue

Ever will fare best.

Write for the people !

Wide open the book

Of great Nature's laws,

That in't all may look.

Write for the people !

The richest—rarest

Thoughts that visit ye—

The brightest—fairest !

Write for the people !

They will reward ye

With the choicest things

Th' earth can afford ye !

Write for the people !

Be fervent—not cold :

They'll give kind wishes—

If but little gold !

Secrets.

THERE is a Creed in every heart
Unsyllabled, unsung :
A creed that never strays beyond
The portals of the tongue.

There is a Hope the world knows not,
Mayhap may never know :
Whether rising to fruition——
Sinking in a sea of woe.

There is a Name the lover shrines
'Neath all his hopes and fears :
A name that mingles with each thought,
It may be, for long years.

There is a something never breathed—
Not even to the dearest :
A something that, in joy or grief,
Is to the heart the nearest.

There's many, many a silent thing,
Secluded in the heart
Of every man and woman here,
Which they to none impart.

Starved to Death.

WEARILY, drearily, comfortless,
A girl sank down on a hard mattress,
While the golden light of a summer morn
Mockingly smiled on the poor forlorn.

Mockingly ! said I ? Yes, it was so :
It seemed to laugh o'er a scene of woe—
A garret, all furnitureless, and bare,
Save some prized relics of earthenware,
An ancient stool, and the old arm-chair,

Where the lone one's father had breathed his last,
Battered and worn by many a blast :—
Fighting for England, he lost a limb,
And, generously, it pensioned him.

They had lived on this—with him 'twas gone,
Leaving her friendless—poor—and alone :
She had stitched all night—two farthings won—
“Oh ! would that this weary life were done.”

Nor brothers nor sisters e'er had she ;
None—even to share her misery :
Oh ! what pleasure ! starving together !—
Brothers and sisters—she had neither.

She had nor blanket, nor sheet, nor shawl,
To cover her poor shrunk form withal ;
Shivering with cold, though her burning skin
Told of the fire that raged within.

Then fell the thoughts—O how maddening !
Of what she was now, and once had been,
Hot on her brain—hot, ay, burning hot !
And again she wished that she were not.

Her spirit was broken ; strength all gone ;
Even for the pittance she had won,
Go she could not ; and starve she must :—
Of water, no drop—of bread, no crust !

Words are feeble ; they cannot express
How, in the madness of her distress,
She struggled for lack of Bread and Breath :—
Starved to death !—starved to death !

She died that night. When the next day dawned,
In search of the shirts—she had not pawned—
Came one, used to misery, who almost wept
Over her who now her last sleep slept.

Death—always cold—breathed so chilly there !
O'er the corpse—the stool—the old arm-chair—
That his blood turned cold ; his teeth, like stones,
Chattered together ; his very bones

Shook, as if he'd been palsied and old :
To be out again he'd have given gold ;
But his limbs refused ; he wished in vain ;
And his knees knocked 'gainst each other again.

And then he felt, though unstained by crime,
How grossly he had misused his time :
Serving a wretch, who, grinding the poor,
Rolled in his carriage from door to door ;—

And wept—for, at times, the tears will flow
From the sternest eyes o'er woman's woe !
Gazing again on that lifeless clay,
He vowed a vow ere he turned away,

That, if spared, he ne'er would treat, again,
Earth's destitute ones with cold disdain,
Nor longer remain, to earn his bread,
With one whose heart seemed callous and dead—

Dead to the plaint of the weary and worn ;
The appeal of the joyless—poor—forlorn ;
The weak in body, the saddened in soul,
Who crawl through earth—like the worm from its hole,

Afraid, lest the next unthinking foot
Should crush it for ever ; fearful, and mute ;
Lest the chilling frown—the bitter taunt—
Should alone reply to the prayer of want.

.

A pauper's burial, half-finished rites—
Grudgingly given—favours, not rights :
Did paupers' souls require their completion,
When, when would they rise to full fruition ?

The Widow's Daughter.

WHY gaze on that pale face,
Childless one, childless one?
Why seek this lonely place?
She hath gone, she hath gone.

Thy daughter is not here,
Widowed one, widowed one—
Nay, wipe away that tear,
She hath won, she hath won!

Her home is far away,
She's at rest, she's at rest,
In everlasting day,
With the blest, with the blest.

No pains, no sorrows there,
All are past, all are past :
That sigh summ'd up her care,
'Twas her last, 'twas her last.

'Tis not her there you see,
Sister dear, sister dear :
That earth holds nought for thee,
Draw not near, draw not near.

The place is cold and dark,
Haste away, haste away :
Corruption is at work—
Soulless clay ! soulless clay !

The lamp hath ceased to burn,
Quenched the flame, quenched the flame :
Let dust to dust return,—
Whence it came, whence it came.

To thy chamber, sister dear ;
There to God, there to God,
Bend humble and sincere,
'Neath his rod, 'neath his rod.

Prayer heals the broken heart,
He is kind, he is kind :
Each bruised and bleeding part
He will bind, he will bind.

Weep not for her that's gone :
Time will fly, time will fly :
Thou'lt meet thy cherished one—
'Yond the sky ! 'yond the sky !

Constancy.

BELIEVE them not—Time cannot change
The heart that loves but thee :
All else may change, all but my love—
'Tis linked with destiny !

They call me wayward, full of change,
And ever prone to rove :
Believe them not, my heart still wears
The chains thy beauty wove.

Thou'rt present with me everywhere,
Alike in grief and joy :
When pleasure gilds the fleeting hours,
Or when earth's cares annoy.

Thy smiles, that with their magic power,
Have captive seized my heart,
Like spirits ever with me dwell,
And ever joy impart.

They tell of moments when our thoughts
To all the world seemed dead ;
When cherished dreams were realised,
And life's forebodings fled.

When fond, fond hopes were warmly breathed—
To ears that lost no sound—
Each by the other's voice entranced—
Unconsciously spell-bound.

And thinkest thou I'll prove untrue—
Forget my plighted vow ?
Deep as I loved when it was pledged,
Still deeper love I now !

And time shall never, never change

The heart that loves but thee :

All else may change, all but my love—

'Tis linked with destiny !

To a Friend on Her Marriage.

THOU'LT leave thy father's house to day—

For ever, yes, for ever !

And change thy gentle maiden name :

But canst forget them—never !

To-day !—to-day, for weal or woe,

A wondrous change comes o'er thee :

Be it of Evil, or of Good,

To-day begins the story.

Much, much is thine to do, to think—

Pray, girl, to know thy duty :

The fruits of it, well done, will bloom

When faded all thy beauty.

He may be fond—I know he is—

O strive to make him fonder !

His home a temple by the way,

Where, pilgrim-like, he'll wander,

When wearied with the worldly cares

The world is ever strewing—

Then comes thy part ; with word and look,

Youth's happy hours renewing.

With you, this day, shall Love's decay

Begin, as with the many ?

No ! but 'twill change ; and changing, turn

To love unknown to any

But those who, with one heart—one hope—

Have blent their souls together,

And in one home those joys begun

That death alone shall wither.

Delusive are the lights that shine
From Fashion's bright abode :
Deny yourselves her servants—slaves—
Or else deny your God.

There are two bands of travellers here ;
One large—loves song and laughter—
Dancing, revelling time-enjoyers,
Dreaming about hereafter.

The other is a little band—
Some think them full of sorrow ;
Afflictions sanctified are light—
To them a blessed morrow

Dawns in Hope ; peace, joy, is smiling
On each face ; tears swift depart—
They feed the hungry, tend the sick—
Binding up the bleeding heart.

Seek ye their love—the little band—

In joy, alike in sorrow;

Your hope will then be steadfast, sure,

Uncaring for to-morrow.

Forget not them thou leav'st behind,—

Thy loving father—mother—

Forget not thou, what'er their faults,

Each kind and doting brother.

Thou goest among other friends,

And they may love thee too;

Yet, O forget not those who sang

Youth's merry songs with you.

All these, their kindest wishes breathe,—

Thy parents add their blessing :

Adieu ! adieu ! may no dear friend,

When next we meet, be missing !

My Native Hills.

I LOVE the heathery hills
Of my dear native land :
Though wild, they are majestic—
Thou rugged, they are grand !

Their beauty is their freedom,
Storms o'er them sweep in vain :
Stupendous, towering masses,
Unshaken, they remain.

When summer, smiling summer,
Hath robed the earth anew :—
When day sheds forth its sun-beams,
The morn and eve their dew ;—

When the heather bells are seen

In their rich purple bloom :—

When the air is full of sweets,

And laden with perfume ;—

When the tassels deck the broom,

And the yellow flower the whin ;—

When the bright sparkling streamlets

Are dashing o'er the linn ;—

When the blaeberries blossom,

And the wild nuts are seen ;—

When the gowans clad the knowes—

Stud their mantles of green ;—

Then, then I love to wander

O'er my own native hills,

To gaze on their loveliness,

And hear their tinkling rills.

And when the snows of winter
Are o'er them spread awhile,
How brightly 'neath the glory
Of the moon-beams they smile :—

Shining like some happy land
Where grief hath never reigned :
Silvery plains of purest white,
Untrodden and unstained !

O ! earth hath many beauties—
Diffused with liberal hand—
But few like thine, old Scotland !
By own, my native land !

Woman's Mission.

THOU'RT all the world to me,
The rest but chaos—gloom :
Existence without thee
Were sunless,—home, a tomb.

Earth cannot unite us
More closely ; while we're here,
All the world may slight us,
But we have nought to fear.

Love is ours ! and dearly
We do each other prize :
Stars shine not more clearly
Than do our meeting eyes.

Earth! O earth is lovely!
Its cloudless, sunny skies
Shine—how bright above me!
Yet all their glory flies,

If seen, love, without thee:
Thou art my better sun,
Enriching earth—air—sea—
My own belov'd one!

May our path lie upward!
And, while abiding here,
May we still pass onward
To a happier sphere.

That, when feeble nature
The deathless soul resigns,
We—to joys still greater—
May go where glory shines!

Where nor pain, nor sorrow,
Nor grief, nor cares annoy :—
One unclouded morrow
Of bright, unceasing joy !

Seraph-songs while singing
Around Jehovah's throne,
We'll hear echo ringing,
“ A thousand hearts are one !”

That the blessed future
I thus may proudly win,
Be thou, love, my tutor—
Teach me to flee from sin !

That is “ Woman's mission,”
And 'tis a noble one !
Earth is but a prison—
Woman its cheering sun !

To the Nightingale.

SING on! sing on! sweet Bird of Eve!
The gladdened moments swiftly fly—
They will not stay, yet thou, with song,
May'st gild them as they're fleeting by!

Sing on! sing on! my heart is thine—
The cares of life thou dost beguile—
A willing captive I'll remain
Of thy sweet seraph notes the while.

Sing on! sing on! O cease not yet!
With ev'ry note a charm is borne:
Now softer than the evening wind,
Now rivalling the Bird of Morn!

Sing on ! sing on ! thou Prince of Song !

Thy strains enrapture ev'ry ear :

May every joy thy life prolong,

And happiness its journey cheer !

Sing on ! sing on ! heed not the time,

My heart is light, the night is young—

Sing on ! sing on ! strains more sublime,

In mortal ears were never sung !

Sing on ! sing on ! O sing away !

Thy notes are sweet as those of spring—

Sing on ! sing on ! we'll ever stay,

If thou, sweet bird, wilt ever sing !

Genius.

(INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.)

A SPIRIT guides a hand of flesh,
Whose fingers hold a pen,
That traceth words of high import
To feed the minds of men.

A moment rests the busy hand—
Bright glows the spirit-eye—
A spasm shakes the fleshy frame—
Wildly its pulses fly.

.

The fire is kindled ! Inspiration
Dwells within it from this hour—
How the soul joys o'er its treasure—
Glorying in its power !

.

Brighter still! glows that spirit-eye—

See, each succeeding ray

But outvies its predecessor—

Mind bursting through the clay!

The beauteous coruscations

Are to his page transferred,

In characters that “breathe and burn”—

A halo round each word.

The “Lady’s Dream,” the “Song of the Shirt,”

The doleful “Bridge of Sighs,”

Storms every heart triumphantly;

We read with weeping eyes.

.

A moral never was forgot—

Not in his merriest hour—

In each fresh sally of his wit,

Some moral told with power.

He wrote of fearful, secret things !

How Eugene Aram's dream
Caused blood to freeze, and flesh to creep,
And all the senses swim !

What varied themes ! his tender strains
Through every bosom thrilled :
The humorous brought the smile—the laugh—
The sad, with pity filled.

Yet all the while, the body, weak,
Grew feebler every hour—
Toiling for its daily food—
Gold 's not the poet's dower.

“ *My* sojourn here shall be but brief,”
The prophet-spirit said ;
“ I feel that soon of *us* they'll say,
He's numbered with the dead.

“Fain would I stay—fain would I go—
Still hoping—trusting ever—
That I with kindred souls at last
Shall meet—no more to sever !”

He turned his back upon the world—
The world's unfeeling, rude :—
Heaven received a martyr-soul,
And England mourned her HOOD !

Absence.

I NEVER knew how deep I loved
Till parted from thy smile ;
Then every moment seemed an hour,
And every step a mile.

In vain, each night, upon my bed
I courted balmy sleep ;
The pangs of absence pained my heart,
And caused it tears to weep.

Yet gazing on the lovely moon,
That through my lattice shone,
I've thought that o'er thy dwelling place
Its beams might then be thrown ;

And that—oh, blessed, blessed thought!—

While thou didst hail their light,
Fond Memory might again recall
That hope-restoring night,

When we, released from all save love,
Alone did wander forth
At silent eve, to view its charms
Adorning this fair earth ;—

When we our thoughts, in accents low,
Free to each other gave ;
Nor cold reserve their current checked,
Nor fear of critics grave.

No envious wind upon its wings
Those breathings bore away,
No tell-tale echo caught their sound ;
Safe in our hearts they lay.

And time may rob our cheeks of bloom,
Our eyes of youthful light,
But never from our hearts, I trust,
Erase that happy night.

To love, to see that love returned,
Is bliss beyond compare ;—
To know, though all the world should frown,
Change cannot enter *there*.

To feel there is, at least, one breast
Where we can lay our head,
As safe, as though a mother still
Watched by our cradle bed !

On the Death of a Lady.

How strangely varied is the life of man !
To-day, Joy reigns ; but Grief to-morrow may
The sceptre wield. To-day, Hope spreads her sails,
And forth adventures on a blissful sea ;
To-morrow, the dark clouds of doubt may lower,
And, ere its evening close, the bark of Hope,
Engulphed, sink in an ocean of Despair !

How cheering to man's soul those sunny hours
That calm domestic pleasures ever yield !
How dear the social circle ! and the smile
Of recognition which our presence calls,
From the heart's core, to radiate on the face
Of some ingenuous, and expectant friend !

The sun of man's existence never sheds
A brighter ray than that which o'er him falls
In his first wedded state! If earth may e'er
To Heav'n be likened, truly 'tis in this!

But Life, alas! is not all sunny gleams,
Nor one unchecked, unbroken ray of joy.
Clouds lower—destroying storms and tempests rise—
To wean the soul from earth and earthly things!
Man is unfit to cope with ills o'er which
He feels none mortal hath the least control—
He bows his head, and aid from Heav'n implores!

But what are all those ills accumulated—
Ay! even though concentrated all in one!—
When we compare it with that grief of griefs,
The early death of the fond, doting wife,
Who nightly nestled in her husband's arms!
Whom, but a few short weeks or months before,

He'd clasped—his cherished jewel—to his breast !
And called her by that name she was so proud
To bear—his wife, his own beloved wife !

Here Genius might the veil of flesh withdraw,
And show the secret workings of the soul,—
No other than the hand of Genius may !

The Thistle.

SONG.

WHO shall dare to meddle with thee—

Lay presumptuous hand on thee ?

Who shall dare to harm the thistle—

Scotland's badge of bravery ?

Friends alone may dare caress thee—

Friends to Truth—to Freedom's cause;—

Enmity to false professors,

Forms the basis of thy laws.

Still repel the rash invader ;

Still proclaim that thou art free ;

Still, untainted, flourish fairer—

Emblem of our liberty !

Entwine with England's blooming rose;
Twine with Erin's shamrock green;—
Twine your stems, and show together
Woe to foe, and peace to frien'.

Roses clad in glowing beauty—
Shamrocks waving in their green—
Crested thistles—Scotland's glory!—
Homage pay to our young Queen!

ODE OF WELCOME

TO

Her Majesty Queen Victoria,

ON HER VISIT TO SCOTLAND IN 1847.

THOU art welcome, Victoria, to Scotland again !
To the strath and the mountain, the loch and the glen ;
Ay, thou'rt welcome ! thrice welcome ! Hark ! thrice
three times three !

Is a Highlander's greeting, liege Lady, to thee.
Fairer lands there may be, with more genial skies
Than are those beneath which the grey rocky North lies ;
But if clouds lour above, loyal hearts beat below,
Who have smiles for thy friend, more than frowns for
thy foe.

They have always proved true to their country and King ;
'Tis with no hollow welcome these Highland glens ring.

Thou art dear to each bosom—our smiles are sincere—
Willing servants of Love, not the hirelings of Fear!

How peaceful thy reign, Sov'reign Lady, hath been!
Though war's rumours were heard, and its dark signals
seen.

True, our country is powerful, she feareth no foe,
Yet to vict'ry we ride through a carnage of woe;
And if words will suffice, let us sheath the bright steel,
And to honour—to reason—to justice—appeal!
Had not this course been ours, the fierce demon of war,
Late events would have roused to ascend his red car—
Still dyed with the blood of some dark field of yore,
That dashed from his wheels as he plunged through its
gore!

But nor country, nor age, such a triumph can claim,
As the vict'ry of peace that is linked to thy name!
Then what marvel that love every leal heart inspires,—
That to Scotland lays claim as the land of its sires,

When thou leav'st happy England, so lovely, so fair,
For the stern Scottish Highlands, cold, rocky, and bare!
But there's blood in thy veins of the young Chevalier,
And the name of Prince Charlie sounds sweet in thine
ear :

How oft hast thou called our sweet minstrel before thee,
To sing the old songs that narrate his sad story!
Then, forget not old Scotland when far from her shore,
When her hills and her mountains surround thee no
more :

'Midst the splendours of state, and the triumphs of art,
Still, still leave her memory a place in thy heart !

Lobe and Peace.

How sweet with thee to wander o'er the path of life!
I a fond husband—thou a loving wife :
With mutual smiles to chase each cloud away,
Together joy and weep—together pray.
Our home shall be remote from bustling men,
Far from the prying eye and worldly ken,
Embosomed in a solitude of leafy wood,
No wealth to tempt the spoiler to intrude.

The ivy green shall o'er our cottage spread,
And roses gay be round each lattice led ;
Beauty shall smile without, love reign within,
While no ambitious height we strive to win.
And when around us little ones shall rise
“In beauty, side by side,” with glad surprise,

We'll mark, each day, our blossoms grow more fair,
Breathing fresh sweets upon their native air :—

Enriching loveliness, and adding grace to grace,
Shedding a hallowed halo round the peaceful place.

Ah! then, indeed, our little home shall be

A temple by the way, and daily we

To God shall raise our "Ebenezer" there—

To Him be loud in praise, devout in prayer :

Our greatest wish to teach our children love

To God and man, and point their thoughts above !

That, ere the evening of our day shall come,

And we repair to a still happier home,

They'll have so learnt to live, that death shall be

A messenger of peace, of blest eternity !

Let crowds still revel in unhallowed joys,

Deaf to the warnings of the "still small voice ;"

For us and ours, we'll choose the path of peace,

And our shortcomings rest on heavenly grace !

Song.

LOVE, look how the white waves dance
 Beneath the light of the moon !
List to their magical Song,
 For their wild harps now they tune.

And they would woo me away,—
 Away, my own love, from thee,—
Away o'er the pearly foam
 Of the undulating Sea.

No cloud floats over the sky,
 And every star is seen,
In the mirror of the Heav'ns,
 Glittering with golden sheen.

Gallantly rideth my bark

O'er every bounding wave :

How they leap from 'neath her keel,

And her sides all brightly lave !

But I'll tarry till the dawn ;

Then, with the favouring breeze,

Away o'er the waves I'll go—

A bold Rover of the Seas !

Love, look how the white waves dance

Beneath the light of the moon !

List to their magical Song,

For their wild harps now they tune.

The Faitherless Laddie.

A PUIR wee, raggit, hungry chiel'
Cam' beggin' to our door,
He said he ne'er had askit ocht
Frae ony ane afore;

But noo his faither being dead,
His mither lyin' ill,
An' no a frien' to look to her—
No ane—except himsel';

He jist had wan'ered out, he said,
To get some bits o' bread;
For they were unca sair in want,
An' couldna bide the need.

A weel-faured bairn he had been ance,
But noo turned blancht and wan,
The tears chased ithar doon his cheeks—
Puir thing, he scarce could staun’.

My heart was wae, wae for the wean—
Sae young—sae auld in grief;
I couldna, for my vera life,
But gie him some relief:—

“Ye’re sure ye’re tellin’ truth, my man?”
“Yes, mem, as sure’s I’m here;
We’ve leeved doon i’ the Cottar Raw,
Since Whi’sunday a year;

“My faither lang was lyin’ ill,
He dee’d jist the last week,
An’ ever since they buried him,
My mither has been sick;

“She’s never left her bed sin syne—
I’m feared she’s gaun to dee,
An’ there’s no ane to speak to her,
Or gie her ocht but me.”

“Weel, there’s a drap o’ cordial,
An’ here’s some bread an’ cheese;
But mind, ne’er look this road again,
Gin ye’ve been tellin’ lees.”

“I never lee’d in a’ my life;
An’ if mither turns weel,
She’ll come hersel’, an’ thank you, mem,
For helpin’ Willie Steel.”

The Poet.

WHO welcomes first the flowers of Spring,
The swallow twittering on the wing—
Who pines to hear the cuckoo sing?

The Poet.

Who loves the snowdrop, modest flower !
First of the year to grace the bower—
To cause its stay, who sighs for power?

The Poet.

Who marks it lowlier droop its head,
And kiss its cold and damp death-bed,
Weeping when all its life is shed?

The Poet.

Who, when the lark awakes refreshed,
And soars above its little nest,
Loves its sweet morning song the best?

The Poet.

Who smiles to see the dark mist flee—
Young morning dawn o'er earth and sea—
Who then feels proud of being free?

The Poet.

Who, when the bright stars stud the sky—
The pale moon smileth from on high—
Beholds them with admiring eye?

The Poet.

Who, when the snows of winter fall
O'er earth, obedient at His call,
Wondering, reveres the Cause of All?

The Poet.

Who feels that love, which few e'er feel,
Which bids him every thought reveal
To her—his own in woe or weal?

The Poet.

Who, when soft twilight's sober grey
Obscures the light of lessening day,
To love's pure feast hies swift away!

The Poet.

Who then, in maiden's raptured ear,
Pours the sweet sounds she loves to hear—
Dispelling doubt, destroying fear?

The Poet.

Who pines not, toils not for the gold,
In search of which the young grow old?—
To whom doth Love true joys unfold?

The Poet.

Who dearest loves his brother man,
Nor stains with hate life's little span?
Who glads the heart of all he can?

The Poet.

Who feels there is a God in Heaven,
By whom all love, all life is given?
Who oft the scoffer's jest hath riven?

The Poet.

Who pauses, nor with hasty tread
Stalks o'er the turf-hid, silent dead :
Weeping, although no tear is shed ?

The Poet.

Who, when his eye is glazed and dim,
And life a dying ember's gleam,
Relies on, finds a friend in HIM ?

The Poet.

He's not, who, 'mid Time's onward flow,
Can't mark, and learn, and wiser grow—
He's not, who lives not, dies not so—

A POET!

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